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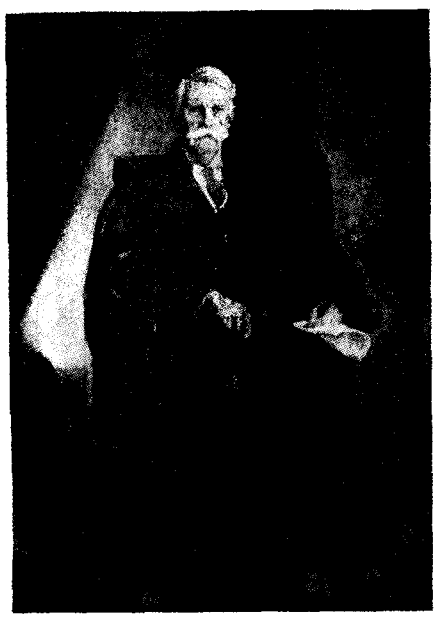

JUSTICE HOLMES
From a painting by Charles Hopkinson.

"Her Voice Was...Soft"

WE have read with a good deal of sympathy the advertisements of various salesmen offering to teach the correct use of English. The institutions they represent are the beauty shops of language. Here the poor aints and he dont's and we was's and oughts ofs go in to be stretched and lifted and smoothed until the speaker can open his lips without toads falling out of them. We are, frankly, a little skeptical of the results often promised, for the idea is too commonly expressed that a little grammar and spelling will accomplish what really needs a mental development. Good English comes from a good mind, and no other. And if the mind is good and the English irregular there may be merit in its irregularity.

But another kind of cultural beauty shop, if it exists, has few customers. The thronging girls on the noon-hour streets of a great city are hysterically aware of the need—

Still to be neat, still to be dressed
As you were going to a feast.

And they patronize, we suspect, the grammar shops occasionally, for an overheard conversation will sometimes have an almost priggish correctness in the selection of words. But, O the voices! And O the enunciation! The Darwinian idea that fine clothes, like fine feathers, are sex appeals and nothing else was much too simple. A good share of this finery has nothing to do with sex. It is an attempt to assert the social position of the wearer in a great anonymous civilization where the individual must assert or be unknown. The hat says, I am not too poor; the dress, I have some taste; the shoes, I know style when I see it. This is what advertisers call, in its inverted form, the snob appeal, but the term is harsh. Put a strange chicken in a chicken yard and watch it after awhile begin to plume and strut a little, as if to say, I myself am somebody, I am one of you and not of the lowliest! In a village every one is known. Strutting is useless. But in a city, the anonymous he or she must hang out some signal to the crowd, some advertisement of native worth. The female signals the male; but not only the male; she informs her betters in taste, in style, in spending money, that she herself has points which they can appreciate.

How strange then that language, and

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An Ornament of Society

JUSTICE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. By SILAS BENT. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1932. $4.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD

MR. BENT has written here the first full-length study of Justice Holmes the man. It is a revealing work, and the author is not to be blamed for letting his subject write most of it himself, for the judge's speeches and writings, many of them privately printed, have been kept too long from the eyes of an admiring public. The available data has been collected, arranged, and interpreted admirably, with a restraint that serves to enhance the reader's enthusiasm for the judge's many talents—as soldier, scholar, statesman; poet, philosopher, jurist, and wit.

More than anything else this life of Holmes is the saga of a soldier. It tells in moving detail of the struggles and hardships of actual war, but it tells further of the fight for ideals which began when arms were laid aside at Appomattox. The Civil War was a tragic but glorious experience in which the young Harvard graduate learned to lay his future course, to believe, as he told other young graduates thirty years after:

> That the joy of life is living, is to put out all one's powers as far as they will go; that the measure of power is obstacles overcome; to ride boldly at what is in front of you, be it fence or enemy; to pray, not for comfort, but for combat; to keep the soldier's faith against the doubts of civil life, more besetting and harder to overcome than all the misgivings of the battlefield, and to remember that duty is not to be proved in the evil day, but there to be obeyed unquestioning.

It is a theme which threads every step in his career. He was the son of Dr. Holmes, the autocrat, the idol of the Saturday Club whose members composed the most select literary group America has produced. He was the friend and protegé of the great Emerson. Yet he might not have cared enough for the soldier's faith. We see that faith take hold of him as he dons, with boyish enthusiasm, the blue coat of a lieutenant in the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers; as he gets his baptism of fire at Ball's Bluff and almost loses his life for his bravery; as he goes on through the Virginia campaigns and miraculously escapes death twice more before the finish. Cloistered then in the calm

(Continued on next page)

Jane Hamlin

By SELDEN RODMAN

JANE HAMLIN I met on the road who gave me
These gifts out of herself, then left;
Then walked over the mountains brightly
Into the forever valley God cleft.
She smiled giving, took nothing, she asked
No questions: herself excuse; her gifts
Made peace of the angered, unmasked the masked
Softly as sharp corners before the fog lifts.

Six years after the time I knew her
I met one of her lovers who said "Jane
Was virtuous, was good. This drew her
Down: she obeyed the heart through sun and through rain . . ."
And headshaking changed his butt for a newer
Cigarette whose thick smoke covered my pain.

The Gates of Conjecture

By JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

LITERARY persons who don't follow the science news now so plentifully distributed by the newspapers may not be aware that at a recent National Academy of the Sciences convention Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, the hierarch among paleontologists, exorcised the Natural Selection myth and thereby reopened the whole field of origins to speculation. Hereafter it is not correct to credit Mother Nature with the parentage of her broods of vital organisms. All she furnishes is breeding space and provender. Genealogies stand as before, but ancestries are again up in the air. Though this amounts to nothing so florid as a rehabilitation of Genesis, one can no longer be snooty about that version of our arising.

After we had all accepted the assurance of authority that King Log possessed the properties which older dispensations had assigned to King Stork, this apostacy at headquarters is confusing. It is especially hard on the eminent individuums who went on record with creeds in "Living Philosophies," most of whom were satisfied that the Bible was old stuff and a God out of date.

Of course, Dr. Osborn's guarded admissions may not seem to bear the inferences that I'm drawing herewith. Probably he will indignantly disclaim such presumptions, but what are you going to do about it when he states in so many words that "variations of species is the result of an original creative pattern within the germ-plasm which was there from the beginning," and that the evidence now available "is antagonistic to the theory that nature does anything by accident"? Darwin is thereby struck out and so is Lamarck. In the same swoop he removes Adaptation, Heredity, Fitness-of-the-environment, even Emergent Evolution, as causal factors, and says we are compelled to return to a creative conception. Nor does it do him a bit of good to qualify the word "creative" as used without any of its old theological or philosophical connotations, or to insist that it is distinct from "created." Evade as he may, Dualism is reinstated. Purpose, architecture, design, forbidden words under Automatic Determinism, regain legitimacy, and, sooner or later, Responsibility will rear its ugly head.

"Too sweeping," you say? Well, let Dr. Osborn speak for himself:

> Among the older hypotheses as to the causes of evolution, paleontology proves that Lamarck was wrong in his main assumption that acquired characteristics are inherited; Darwin was wrong in adding Lamarckian to his original selection theory. De Vries was wrong in believing that species arise by the selection of fortuitous mutations. Weismann was wrong in his subsidiary super-selection assumption that fortuitous variations of the germ-plasm give rise to new species. . . . Darwin knew not a single case of intergradations between living species; we now know thousands of intergradations in fishes, birds, reptiles, and mammals. . . . Grant the whole argument of the Lamarckians, ancient and modern, the larger part of bio-chemical evolution would be unaccounted for.

A bit upsetting to the physiological psychologists, the following:

> Spencer believed that mind was built up through experience. But observed fact proved otherwise. We have found that much larger intelligences exist among primitive peoples than there is any actual need for, intelligences capable of grasping mathematical concepts among Eskimos who had no need even to count on their fingers.

None of this will have immediate effect on the economic system nor abate Soviet zeal. It will neither restore prosperity nor discourage Dr. Crile in his search for the secret of life in protoplasmic cells. No heredity sharp will realize that his major premise has been vacated. Biologists and behaviorists will go on construing issues in the terms of implementage—Paderewski as the product of a piano. As is usually the case, news of the revolution will reach the ears of professors from their students. Magazine editors will learn of it from contributors with manuscripts to sell but will print nothing until the novelty has become publisher's gossip. It will be glad tidings for Dr. Fosdick until he realizes that Dr. Osborn has taken the gimp out of modernism and will mean little in particular to Dr. Manning. In the office of the *Commonweal* there will be murmured "I-told-you-so's," and among Jesuits who grasp the full significance of the repudiation, sagacious heads will nod approval.

At first glance the passing of a fundamental hypothesis may seem to have slight bearing on contemporary literature. The novelist takes his protagonists as evolved, physically, and proceeds on the basis of what has been conceded. Primitive slimes or aboriginal dwellings do not concern him. Society and circumstances furnish the stuff of fiction. Time, place, current convention, and occupational pursuits determine types. The struggle for existence or for almost anything out of reach, supplies motives for action. Out of adjustments of aspirations and clash of personalities incidents arise and characters are defined or developed. Tragedy and comedy emerge as the results of mechanical interactions. Processed products.

Yet what science assumes or affirms as

This Week

"MOZART."
Reviewed by CARL ENGEL.

"WAY OF THE LANCER."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

"1919."
Reviewed by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

"THAT AMERICAN WOMAN."
Reviewed by ELEANOR VAN ALEN.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"LATIN AMERICAN PROBLEMS."
Reviewed by WALLACE THOMPSON.

"SUCCESSFUL LIVING IN THIS MACHINE AGE."
Reviewed by FELIX MORLEY.

"TOWARDS A BETTER LIFE."
Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

Next Week, or Later

IN MEMORIAM: O. W. FIRKINS.
By RICHARD BURTON.

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to the nature of man sooner or later filters into the racial consciousness. His status three generations ago, as set by the theologians, derived from Genesis. Today, it is fixed according to Darwin. He is of the earth earthy. Life is an accident; its object sustaining it. Divinity and immortality are out of the picture. Behaviors are not greatly altered by ascription, being set by law and custom, not by beliefs, but attitudes may be. Allot a man the potential of a soul and he becomes more of a person. His status has been lifted from weed to plant. New perspectives enlarge viewpoints. Thereafter he is liable to be more pretentious about his place in the scheme of things.

There had been a growing suspicion that life was not nearly as simple as it appeared to the biologists. To do what a man did required machinery that their specifications did not include, but so long as the evolutionary front was maintained unbroken there could be no appeal from that dogma. Dr. Osborn's "New Theory" reopens no more than discussion. It may be epoch-making but, at the moment, only by inference. If, as he proves, what evolves in material form, as flower, bee, beast, and man preëxisted as pattern in germ plasm, the presence of a power adequate to such occasion is hinted. Also an interest forwarded by occurrence. But before authority formally countenances an increase in humanity's estates we are in for as bitter a controversy as provoked its degradation. So, though there may be immediate license for broader conjectures and richer backgrounds, it is unsafe to jump at cosmic relations, despite such encouragements as Jeans, Eddington, and Millikan have already extended. But these are no longer untenable. Who derides them may think he is being hard-boiled, but is only showing that he is not up-to-date.

Once the universe gets into the picture as a unity and astro-physics become table-talks, gravitation and etheric influences may be taken into the home and planetary pulls and pushes allowed to include the individual. That would tend to give color to the entertaining presumptions of astrology in which there are lots of good plots. Even without dispensation, it would astonish the old guards of the Players or the Dutch Treat Club to learn the number of members in good standing who govern their conduct by horoscopes. If intelligence be a quantity apart from application, Christian Science is given at least a putative foothold. Its fictional possibilities have hardly been aired, and it abounds in spectacular possibilities. Someone seeking a new *milieu* might dramatize a practitioner, or at least delineate, if he cannot explain, the workings of the system. Such subject-matter, however, should be handled with the same seriousness nowadays devoted to biographies of up-from-the-soil heroes or Main Street personalities. Far more romantic stuff than is offered by the dull routines of farm, fireside, and factory on which so many of our "best sellers" are founded, is available in the annals of "New Thought." In these connections it might be mentioned that coincidence and the will-to-believe are no longer accepted as competent rebuttal of unconventional phenomena and that even professors of physiology have stopped shrugging their shoulders at faith-healing.

There's immense color and flavor in the broad field of esoterics and no end of picturesque detail that might be turned to literary profit in the theosophical primers. No one who has not explored the pages of Ouspensky, Leadbeater, or Besant (not that they should be spoken of in the same breath, belonging as they do in different categories) dreams of the wealth of material stored there for broader diffusion. What a relief from the procession of sterile folk that have furnished protagonists for latter-day scribes to be introduced to a seer or a superman. In circles attuned to what are called "higher vibrations" one can hear whispers of "old souls" around, masquerading in everyday bodies, in touch with the "Higher Wisdom" and subtly shaping the trend of events. Not so long ago there was in New York a mystic whose devotees spoke of him as an "Avatar." A simple, sunny little man, he came to a few who knew his fame and departed without having uttered a word. He was under a vow of silence. No one could have made "news" of this person since he offered none, but he was story stuff to whoever knew enough to provide the right scenery for his presentment. As Yeats-Brown exhibited in his "Bengal Lancer," there is still magic abroad for the right seeker.

For the accommodation of strange backgrounds we have technic aplenty. Our tale tellers are adroit weavers, but as to their disposition for adventure there is as much doubt as to appetite for them among readers. John Erskine remarked once that American literature was practically unscathed by the development of the arts. Save in its skepticism of spirituality it shows but slight trace of that advancement of scientific knowledge from which the period derives its significance. One may question the attributions of the psychology to which, of late, so much newspaper space has been given, but that it offers new bases for assessments of conduct is undeniable. Is it that our novelists are ignorant of this weath that so little use is made of it in character delineation? Even if at this stage it does set up physical reactions as causal factors it defines inclinations and processes invaluable for the understanding of human relations. At least it informs observation and enriches interpretations. Familiarity with the somewhat anomalous verbiage and psycho-analysis is not a substitute for the culture represented by Freud and Jung, though many of our contemporaries seem so to have persuaded themselves. A self-respecting psychiatrist would as soon report the ravings of a lunatic as the babblings of a stream of consciousness puddling its vagarious way among the cells of an average cerebrum, yet the method has become a badge of realistic characterization.

When one remembers that it takes as much advertising to launch a fresh idea as is required to create a demand for a new breakfast food, perhaps I'm optimistic in imagining that the denouncement of Nature Selection will relieve obsessions that anyone recognizes as such, or arouse curiosity as to ancestries detached from old moorings. Still I shall be surprised if a decade hence it is not admitted in the publishing profession that courses in bio-chemistry and physics furnish sounder groundwork for literary careers than any amount of majoring in English or esthetics.

John O'Hara Cosgrave is a journalist of note who has been managing editor and editor of Everybody's Magazine, *managing editor of* Collier's Weekly, *and Sunday editor of the New York* World.

An Ornament of Society

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of Harvard Law School, both as student and as teacher, we see the soldier still as he searches the musty lore of jurisprudence with a view to exposing what is bad and weeding it out. He published "The Common Law" in 1882, and with it started the revolutionary doctrine that law should be considered in the light of social needs. It won him instant recognition in high places, and the governor of the commonwealth offered him a position on the supreme judicial bench. The choice was not an easy one, for Holmes liked teaching, but the soldier in him saw that the fight was thickest where the troubles of men were settled in reality rather than in theory, and, much to the dismay of President Eliot, he left Harvard for the bench. There, for almost fifty years, twenty in Boston, twenty-nine in Washington, he struggled consistently for high principles, gave splendid evidence of the good to be derived from combining democracy with discipline, from balancing humanitarian feeling with the restrictions imposed by the rules of the game, and enriched the literature of the law as has no judge before or since. And he carried on gladly until the close approach of his ninety-first birthday.

Surely the record of a soldier. Made possible perhaps by that further important tenet of his life's philosophy, that feeling of acceptance of man's insignificant place in the mystery of the universe. "Man cannot set himself over against the universe as a rival god, to criticize it, or to shake his fist at the sky, but his meaning, his only worth is as a part of it, as a humble instrument of the universal power." Here is a humility that is soothing, that counters the high tension of the fighter, that makes for longevity as well as for the approval of people to whom arrogance would dim the glory of great deeds.

Humor, too, is here to help win plaudits for an awesome figure, who cares not for plaudits, but only to do the job handsomely, and leave it unadvertised. Given to expressing views sometimes more advanced than those of his brethren on the bench, he was much impressed with the story told him of the man who deducted five dollars from his valet's wages "for lack of imagination." "The lack is not confined to valets," said Holmes. There is his comment on Justice Harlan, that belligerent contender for the rights of the individual: "I do not venture to hope that Harlan and I will ever agree in an opinion, but he has a place in my heart. He is the last of the tobacco-spittin' judges." The Olympian has that touch of Mephistopheles that he has commended to the naiveté of other judges, and it relieves him of the burden of subjective seriousness, however ardent his fighting for the rights of others, legislatures, victims of proprietary or governmental oppression. And Puritan though he is by descent and by sympathy with the virtues of work and duty, he has little use for the reformer. Even Brandeis, whom Holmes personally reveres, has been the butt of raillery at times: "I'm afraid Brandeis has the crusading spirit. He talks like one of those upward-and-onward fellows."

A very human figure emerges from these pages. We see him on the bench in Boston trying not to laugh at the lawyer who argues that a child with its mother on a street car is comparable to a parasol, and hence should not be required to pay any fare at all. We see him deeply moved by the death of his old associates of camp or bench, and delivering speeches that are brief, but brief gems of eloquence. He disdains the reading of newspapers, does not really care what is exciting the politicians, but revels in French novels, and enjoys both Rabelais and the modern humorists when not engrossed in reading a Latin poet in the original. He has a high admiration for the English political thinkers who were and are his friends, Lord Bryce, Leslie Stephen, Sir Frederick Pollock, but in spite of an urbane cosmopolitanism, he is intensely patriotic, and especially proud of his New England. And he is as conservative in his private economic views as he is tolerant of social experimentation by the representatives of the people:

> I believe that the wholesale regeneration which so many seem to expect cannot be affected appreciably by tinkering with the institution of property, but only by taking in hand life, and trying to build a new race. That would be my starting point for an ideal for the law. The notion that with socialized property we should have women free and a piano for everybody seems to me an empty humbug.

Unlike many of his colleagues, Holmes never allowed his personal views to mar the consistency of his constitutional philosophy—that the legislature has a right to try to improve the social and economic condition of citizens. Mr. Bent brings out very well the fallacy of calling Holmes a States Rights man. That misplaces the emphasis. Holmes is in favor of the free play of any legislature, state or federal, but as a practical matter the state body is usually the forum involved because of the constitutional limitations on Congress. And here for the first time is an adequate treatment of Holmes's work on the Massachusetts court. It is important both as a revelation of the way in which a superior mind deals out justice in the ordinary run of litigation in state courts, and as an indication of the judge's attitude on broad social problems which was to make him a national figure in later years. In Massachusetts he exhibited no hostility to labor unions, sustained picketing as a valid weapon in labor's hands, voted to uphold welfare legislation, interpreted words in statutes and private contracts in the light of common sense, deplored legalism and technicality while giving established rules of law their due, and in every way foretold the often troubled and defeated course he was to pursue on the highest court in the land.

The picture is here of an aristocrat in the most powerful branch of the government, the judiciary, attempting to carry out the democratic purpose of the nation's founders, and in the twilight of his struggle meeting with some success; of a man whose guiding star is his faith in the worth of doing one's task with one's might, though man is but a ganglion within a mighty and inscrutable universe; of a soldier who, though aged, still likes to think of the heroes:

> In the portraits of some of those who fell in the civil wars of England, Van Dyck has fixed on canvas the type of those who stand before my memory. Young and gracious figures, somewhat remote and proud, but with a melancholy and sweet kindness. There is upon their faces the shadow of approaching fate, and the glory of generous acceptance of it. I may say of them, as I once heard it said of two Frenchmen, relics of the *ancien régime*, "They were very gentle. They cared nothing for their lives." High breeding, romantic chivalry —we who have seen these men can never believe that the power of money or the enervation of pleasure has put an end to them. We know that life may be lifted into poetry and lit with spiritual charm. . . .

It is that poetry and that charm in the life of the Justice which Mr. Bent has caught and fixed upon these pages. With it, however, the author pays several minor penalties. While his writing is calm and admirably detached, it yet seems pedestrian beside the words of his subject. While his journalistic competence enables him to interpret the judge through his work with much plausibility, it does not always hide his mistaken understanding of the legal points involved in some of the important social cases he discusses. This may be just as well, for a lawyer's emphasis on complex minutiæ would be unimportant as well as uninspiring to the lay reader. It is unfortunate that more letters are not included, but the judge's reticence and sense of privacy, and the honoring of it by others, raised that barrier at the outset. We would like to have more emphasis on Holmes the artist; and more on the man of prophetic vision, a linking up of later accomplishments in the law with what Holmes predicted years ago. It would be well, too, to have more of the whys and wherefores of those unique traits of character, his fundamental skepticism, his stoic faith that supplants any orthodox religion, his magnificent detachment from the excitements of mankind. But the book is primarily a chronicle of accomplishment; and a book to make the reader feel the essential nobility of an attitude which, achievement aside, makes for that "complete human life" which Chief Justice Hughes accused Holmes of leading.

The *Minnesota Daily*, writing editorially of Oscar W. Firkins, who died on March 8th, says:

"Oscar Firkins was a man who possessed a fine talent for many things, for teaching, for writing, for appreciation, for criticism, for delicate and true thinking, for living and doing. . . .

"His writings in criticism, in the theatre, in biography, assure him a place forever in the hearts of a small but intelligent and appreciative audience—the sort of audience that alone he cared to reach. His exquisite touch in the turning of a phrase, the point of his soft irony, are things that must be kept, and will be kept, by a highly intelligent group of readers in this country and England. . . .

"One of the finest things about Oscar Firkins was the sureness of his own stand on every subject, and his detestation of every form of cant and hypocrisy. One and all, superiors in rank, and inferiors in rank and intellect, always knew his attitude and thought, for he said what he meant—fearlessly and well. When he detected untruthfulness or deception or weasling in the thought of another he was prompt to say so, preserving only the manner and the speech of a gentleman."

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Musician and Man

MOZART. By MARCIA DAVENPORT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by CARL ENGEL.

MARCIA DAVENPORT concludes the foreword to her life of Mozart with the statement that she has written "neither a romance nor a text-book." In this she is right. She has written something infinitely rarer and finer. Hers is a carefully "documented" account of one of the most extraordinary and most persistently misrepresented personalities of genius; she has accomplished her difficult and delicate task without the obligatory array of footnotes, and without allowing her keen and sympathetic imagination to get out of hand. The course that her narrative holds lies somewhere midway between Mörike's fancy and Abert's revision of Jahn. It is the "new biography" applied to a subject eminently calling for just such a treatment.

It is not exactly the first time that Mozart's character and career have been dealt with in a frank, though reverent, endeavor to tell nothing but the truth. Certain German biographers and musicologists have, within recent years, succeeded in presenting to us in Mozart a figure less prettified but more human, and thus far greater, than was the legendary portrait of the academic school. It has long been known that Mozart the musician and Mozart the man were two different beings. Though he may have been a god, he was no saint. To have pictured, analyzed, and explained this dualism of Mozart's in an absorbing book, painstakingly written, is Mrs. Davenport's great merit. And it is safe to say that she is the first to have done so in English.

Mrs. Davenport has "lived" her book before writing it. She has evidently gone to every source she could find and drunk deep of each. She has not merely repeated and reported what she gathered. She interprets Mozart, his family, his companions with a shrewd insight of her own. Nor does she hesitate to cite facts which the earlier and prudish idolaters either denied or covered up, if the citation helps us to a better understanding of Mozart's mentality or the manners of his day.

There never was another musician to match Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. We may dissect every measure of his work, we may trace his brief stay on earth and account for every sentiment that moved him; we shall never cease to see in him some miraculous manifestation of a divine and altogether incomprehensible power. Wisely, Mrs. Davenport does not try to efface this impression. The often pitiful, even sordid, circumstances of this hectic existence, as she relates them, only serve to intensify our compassion for the irresponsible Cherub as well as our admiration for the incomparable Master.

Mozart died at the age of thirty-five. He was laid in a pauper's grave. That was the earthly end of the *Wunderkind* whom a stern father had carried the length and breadth of Europe and exhibited to a gaping world, which later took scant notice of the ripened artist. Father Mozart was an excellent musician, an intolerable martinet, and a man of a moral rectitude which his son inherited only to a small degree. But Wolfgang was not without a sense of honor and pride, despite his impulsiveness and frivolity. He was the child of his time as much as the son of his father. And the father was something of an exception in a time that was prevailingly carefree and gallant. When little Wolfgang and his young sister Nannerl fell ill in Holland, on one of their musical tours, the father —Mrs. Davenport writes—lectured them "on the blessedness of dying and the wickedness of living." Wolfgang's "wickedness," alas, was all too brief. Would that it had lasted longer! And yet, as Mrs. Davenport points out, it is astonishing that Mozart did not succumb any sooner.

> When in the light of modern knowledge, we look back upon the variety of vitamins that were definitely not available, it is quite wonderful that Wolfgang was not actually crippled with rickets, instead of merely growing up with a spindly little body, thin, weak arms and legs, and an over-large head. So ignorant was Leopold of the necessity for children to have mental and physical rest, if only to keep their strength, much less gain more, that he began to fret on the long journey back to Salzburg. He was afraid they would not have enough to do at home!

When Wolfgang could escape the father's iron discipline, his spirits snapped out of their constraint, with results not at all surprising. In the autumn of 1777, Wolfgang set out from Salzburg for another tour—with Paris as the objective—this time accompanied only by his mother. She was not to return from the journey. On the way, in Augsburg, they visited Uncle Ignatz, Leopold's brother. He had an insignificant young daughter, whose sole claim to the attention of posterity is that the twenty-year-old Mozart addressed to her some curious letters, which were intended for no other eyes than hers. The "Bäsle," or little cousin "had a broad, plebeian nose, a rather stupidly square face, large, dull eyes set too far apart, and a dumpy body. She was no beauty, but she had her points." This is in Mrs. Davenport's usual manner, sharp, vivid, unsparing.

> Sitting next her at table, Wolfgang could slide his hand down her forearm, run it off her fingertips on to her plump thigh, and, while earnestly discussing the relative merits of pianoforte and organ with Father Berbl on his left, silently convey to Bäsle certain fine points of right-hand technique. This gave her a pleasant turn, but she was cleverer than her face and revealed nothing.

Mozart's was a work-life and a love-life. Both are drawn in clearer outline, because Mrs. Davenport has approached them with the instinct of her musical inheritance (she is the daughter of that splendid singer and musician, Alma Gluck) and the sensitive comprehension of her womanhood. The latter has helped her especially in giving us what is probably the best, the most truthful delineation of Wolfgang and Constanze's marital life that has been written in any language.

> One feature of poor Constanze's life is sufficient extenuation for nearly all her failings; she was pregnant or convalescent from childbirth for six years out of the nine she was married to Wolfgang. The longest interval between pregnancies was seventeen months, the shortest (and that twice) six months. In 1789 she was so ill that she was bedridden for weeks. Her legs swelled, she was lame in one knee, she had fevers and violent upsets. The child she bore that year died at birth after a horrible ordeal.

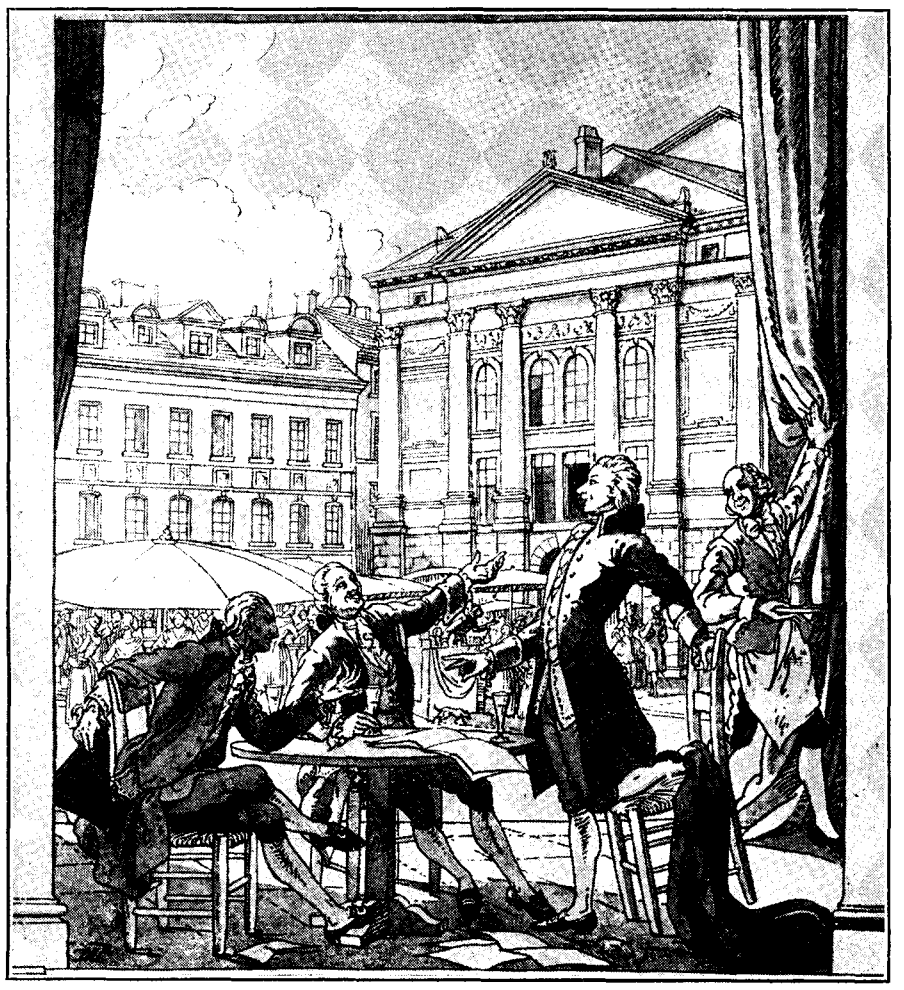
Mozart was not a business man. He did not earn enough to support a wife and children. Soon after his marriage he began to accumulate debts. He had a few friends who came to his aid. But not enough to spare him the need of frequenting usurers and pawnshops.

> Constanze is often blamed for a large share of these misfortunes, and blamed with a certain injustice. She had nothing to do with Wolfgang's ridiculous bringing-up, which left him helpless in the face of every practical exaction of life. That she was a poor and unsystematic housekeeper is true. Her management, however, was no more scatterbrained than Wolfgang's handling of money.

Father Leopold's objections to the marriage had been violent, unbending. The reconciliation was merely outward. Before he died, in 1787, he must have realized that his fondest dream had been shattered.

> He died all alone, a hard, bitter, prejudice-ridden old man. With his extraordinary combination of love, conscience, and knowledge, Leopold had been instrumental in the development of a great creative genius. Yet his false ambition, his bigotry, and his material greed did their most to wreck it.

It is with strokes such as these that Mrs. Davenport paints and makes us grasp—the tragedy of Mozart's glorious life. Through its brief span, almost from infancy, there run the amazing works born of his unflagging inspiration, begotten by joy or grief, destined to outlive generations.



JACKET DESIGN FOR MARCIA DAVENPORT'S "MOZART."

Unquestionably, Mozart's music could take its color from his mood. But, in discussing the marvellous Quintet in G minor (with two violas), written in 1787, Mrs. Davenport emphasizes, and rightly so, that while this work offers us a glimpse into the depth of Wolfgang's soul and might be interpreted in terms of his own misfortunes, "it is better to know that he, true artist, rose above autobiographical emotion and turned his personal passion into universal force." Wolfgang's spirit was

> clear and radiant and beautiful, and not to be extinguished by any mortal hardship. That he knew always. No biographer, no commentator, critic, or interpreter can ever reveal Wolfgang Mozart entirely. Every attempt to know him truly, to relive his life, is incomplete without his own musical revelations.

But to these revelations Mrs. Davenport has lent a receptive and discriminating ear, finely attuned to the subtlest shades and accents. From them she has learned to read the events of Mozart's life in the light of his music. "Second hearing" has produced "second sight." Only so can one account for the realistic, moving, and engrossing biography, which at the same time is a loving and brilliant piece of psychography. And above all, most of the time it is distinguished writing. Books of this sort are too rare.

Carl Engel, musician, editor, and writer, is chief of the musical division of the Library of Congress.

War in the East

WAY OF THE LANCER. By RICHARD BOLESLAVSKI, in collaboration with HELEN WOODWARD. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1932. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MR. BOLESLAVSKI'S story of his adventures with the Polish Lancers begins, without waste words, with a hanging. In the drizzle of a cold dawn, a peasant woman, caught with her husband spying, is urged up an improvised ladder, a rope looped around her neck, and the ladder kicked away. She began to whirl round on the rope, "three times to the right, two and a half to the left, two right, one and a half left. And all that time convulsions were shooting through her body as though she were laughing."

The story ends with a macabre night spent in a lonely hut in the woods with an insane woman. The latter took the fugitive lancer for her husband, whose death in action, three days after their wedding, had brought on her dementia. She drew him into a warm and dimly-lit cottage, bathed him, and combed his hair with her fingers, smothered him with mad tendernesses. He left her peacefully sleeping, just before daylight, and lost in a mob of returning soldiers, contrived to get aboard a train for Moscow.

In between, there is a thrill for every page. The Polish Lancers fought with the Russians, but the regiment had its own inner morale, its spiritual goal was an independent Poland. When the Revolution came and the Russian army disintegrated, the Lancers finally cut loose and started out on their own—a guerilla band, zigzagging about, fighting, foraging, hiding, and running, hoping to break through to the West, in that nightmare country and time, in which Reds, Whites, Greens, preyed on one another like so many carnivora.

When their beloved Colonel, going forward with one other man to reconnoitre a village, was killed with peasant pitchforks and flung on a dunghill, the Lancers surrounded the village, killed every fifth man, and burned every house. Once, in the forest, hemmed in by Reds, they looked down into a ravine on a scene of orgy and wholesale rape, "as if we were watching Hell open."

Mr. Boleslavski, now working in Hollywood, is an actor and theatrical *regisseur* by trade, and less known as a soldier to Americans who have heard his name than for his work with the Moscow Art Theatre. Indeed, most of the enthusiasts over the latter organization in this country, will doubtless be surprised to learn that he had had an extensive war experience. He has been assisted in preparing his reminiscences by Helen Woodward, who "has had twenty years in the advertising business and contributed more than any one person to the advertising of books." The combination is irresistible. The book is the Literary Guild's choice for March.

It is written with great vividness, with sensitiveness and restraint, and, as is quite natural in the circumstances, a pervasive sense of "theatre." Occasionally, Mr. Boleslavski remarks that so-and-so happened just as it would in the movies or in the theatre. More commonly, his actor's and director's instinct is implicit in his handling of episodes.

Some of the latter—the Lancers' marching out of the soldiers' mass-meeting after the receipt of the famous and fatal "Order Number One," for instance, or the formal disbanding of the Lancers, when escape, otherwise, seemed hopeless—almost "play themselves." The reader sees the episode, not merely as a bit of good reporting, touched with an eye-witness's warmth and vividness, but as a design, moving, as a good scene on the stage does, with its inner life, something that starts, proceeds, and finally, as the saying goes, "clicks."

Did Major Bass, the one officer in the Lancers who deserted his companions and went over to the Reds, stand precisely as he is pictured, rigid and pale, as the regiment, in formal order, tramped through the milling herd of demoralized soldiers and out of the hall, and did he, as the regiment passed them, "straighten up even more and slowly raise his hand to

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his visor"? Well, if he didn't do precisely that, he should have done it. There is a certain artistic truth in such circumstances—as in the famous last words of famous men—which will scarcely be denied.

A similar query will not infrequently arise throughout this deft and enthralling narrative. And as the "theatre" is, in the best sense of that word, good theatre, now as Gogol, now a Chekov, might have written it, and Stanislavsky produced it, the precise line between literal fact and artistic verity, isn't, perhaps, of great importance—certainly not for the average, non-professional reader.

What the latter, and for the matter of that, what the historian—who, along with the serious reporter, must stick to the thing as it was—will get from "Way of the Lancer," in addition to an uncommonly interesting and many-sided story, is a really sound general notion of what that comparatively unknown war in the East was like, in those last terrible months when Russia was hurtling downhill into revolution and the chaos that immediately followed it.

A Marxist Epic

1919. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1932. $2.50.

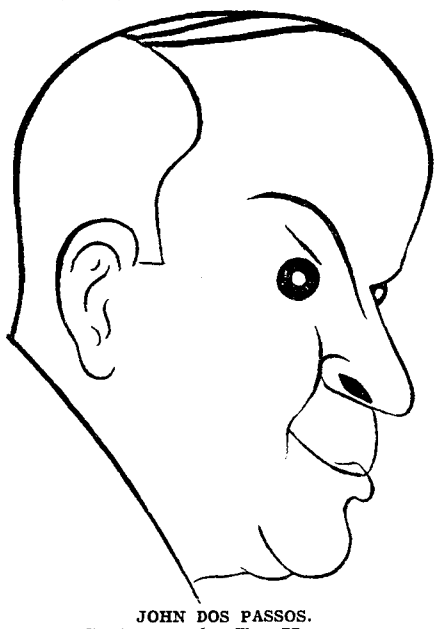
Reviewed by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

JOHN DOS PASSOS has distinguished himself among contemporary novelists for ambition, resolution, and fecundity. Reading "1919" as a companion-piece to "The 42nd Parallel," as the second volume of a tetralogy—or is it to be perhaps an American "Comédie Humaine"?—one is enabled to glimpse much more of the hull of a huge literary cargo vessel, in the process of building, and to guess at the form of its upper decks and bridges. One tends to liken this series of historical novels, based upon the recent World War period, to Balzac's long work rather than to Zola's twenty-volume epic of "The Rougon-Macquarts" or to Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks," because both of the latter were confined to a single family, although Zola's, to be sure, was a family of a thousand members spreading into every corner of nineteenth century Europe. Proust, on the other hand, devoted himself solely to the upper class of French society.

The size of the author's framework, his social-historical objective, must be borne in mind if one would not be confused by the quick, episodic shifting of scenes and characters. The hero of "1919" is not a single person, but a great crowd, and more specifically a group of types out of the crowd. From one to another of these types the eye of the novelist moves back and forth: now he records the fictive biography of a "wobbly" in the American Northwest, now of a hypocrite, Harvard intellectual, now of a common, drifting sailor, or of a big publicity agent, or a middle-class Chicago flapper. These chronicles are systematically interlarded with a section of "newsreel," which is composed of a picturesque summation of newspaper headlines of the period; also with brief "biographies" of period characters, as likely to be of underground revolutionary fame, like John Reed or Wesley Everest, as of wider public note, like J. P. Morgan or "Meester Veelson." The style of the historical digression, a loose, dithyrambic, occasionally brilliant (through imagery) free verse, offers a marked contrast to that of the main narrative, soberly colloquial, behavioristic, almost monosyllabic. Besides lending some artistic relief, the digressions also serve as a sort of vivid backdrop against which the characters pass in procession. Yet the general reader should not be greatly disturbed by the impressionistic and experimental interruptions; for each chapter of narrative is often a finished episode in itself, or a character portrait in action. Sometimes, as in the long opening chapter upon the sailor, Joe Williams, they form complete and absorbing novelettes in themselves.

If we feared, in reading "The 42nd Parallel," that we were watching too many disconnected characters and scenes falling apart, this fear subsides before the increased effectiveness of "1919." We sense the "collective" character of the various world-historical developments which, driving the characters of the Dos Passos epic before them, move toward the climax of the war's end.

The whole work is further unified by the author's consistent view of the history he deals with: this, it is perhaps embarrassing to relate, is nothing less than Marx's materialist conception of history as determined by the means of production. Indeed, the consistency of Dos Passos is his shining distinction. Ever since the World War, it seems to me, Dos Passos has stubbornly refused to believe either in the benevolence of American capitalism or in the wonders of American prosperity. Rather, he has been numbered among those who longed to see the present order exchanged for that of a socialist and proletarian state. And although such principles may seem vexing to many citizens who are perfectly aware that this is a free country, in which everyone is free to find a job and save money, it is necessary to touch upon them in passing so that the particular, grim color of Dos Passos's novel may be better understood.



JOHN DOS PASSOS.
A Caricature by EVA HERRMANN.
From "On Parade" (Coward-McCann.)

It is a matter of little surprise, then, that the account of Dos Passos's troop of American characters in no way resembles a Horatio Alger fable. Here in "1919" there are only driven beasts, eating, drinking, fornicating, sliding always toward the line of least resistance. This qualification goes for the types who represent learning or heavy industry, as for the sailors, "wobblies," and up-to-date stenographers. Many gently bred readers may possibly be forced to shut their eyes and stop their noses at certain pages, since the novelist writes with so much deliberate "bad taste." On the other hand, Earl Carroll and a few movietones selected at random have left this reviewer wondering what there is that the American public may still be shocked by. The fecal is left—and Dos Passos does use this occasionally, like a naughty boy, to rouse us or horrify us out of our indifference.

In any case, Dos Passos, energetic and impassioned novelist, is leading the way—while groping at times—toward a proletarian literature; that is, a literature of revolution, something which certain of our critics have been calling for. His novels strike one as being far richer than those of the pedestrian Upton Sinclair (whom, however, he has resembled enough in point of view upon America to have won a considerable European success). He is more imaginative than Dreiser, more intelligent than Sinclair Lewis, and exceeds both these able *tendenz* novelists in natural culture. Dos Passos is little more than thirty-five; has written a dozen volumes of prose fiction and drama, and is improving in power. He has his pronounced limitations, over which, one hopes, his courage and will may prevail.

One may well quarrel with his style, for one thing. In the direct narrative of "1919" there is, plainly enough, a systematic avoidance of all rhetorical elegance, adherence only to bare, factual chronicle of outward movements, which admits of no "inwardness" in the characters. In this behavioristic manner certain of our modern neo-realists believe they approach their subject more closely than ever before, and without the intervention of sentiment. Yet it cannot be denied that such a method gives at times a monotonous and unlovely texture to the literary monolith which Dos Passos is building, however respectable his motives may be. Besides, he contradicts these motives in his digressive interludes which are done, as I have pointed out, in a picturesque and impressionistic free verse. On the whole, Dos Passos's innovations of language (ugly neologisms) and of style (a heedless colloquialism introduced into the text, a pell-mell syntax), seem neither appetizing nor important. Tolstoy wrote epic novels designed for universal reading without holding himself to a nearly monosyllabic vocabulary; Zola, save for the instance of one early novel, wrote a tolerably pure French; and both of them have been read by millions of proletarians.

One still has the feeling, finally, that Dos Passos portrays types rather than characters, though he does seem to work out the destiny of each type within the logical limits of heredity and background. One could wish that he had Hemingway's shrewd eye for character and the special accidents thereof, with which a bullfighter is pictured as so thoroughly a bullfighter. Yet if Dos Passos had such an eye, perhaps he would not have so remarkable a bird's-eye view for the collective and panoramic drama which he evokes in "1919."

"Her Voice Was...Soft"

(*Continued from page* 597)

particularly voice, has been so neglected. For there is no worse advertisement than bad speaking. It is like the scent of the fox; the bearer cannot escape from it, all the neighborhood is aware. Character, temperament, personality are elusive and hard to come at; clothes tell the story quickly, though only a part of it; but the voice, that most characteristic of all human attributes, seems to be the essential person himself, shedding the husk of bought adornments, telling as much of the truth as can be told in a brief contact, saying far more than the words. Let her spend her mornings at the beautifiers, her afternoons at the dressmakers, and still one word will betray her. She may have a good heart, and a sterling character, and a passable mind, and still that rasp and slide over the English vowels, that choke on the consonants, and breath nasally sharpened, will undo all her promises. It takes a more than passable beauty to make up for squawks and shrillings, which is one reason perhaps why so many girls nowadays seem to prefer to do their hugging by daylight.

Indeed, a worldly wise adviser of sensitive youth would certainly urge upon the socially minded more care in speaking and in their choice of books. For if one can tell a little about character and all about looks from the face, it is the book on the table, or the magazine under the arm, or the newspaper being read, that reveals the mental status to a curious observer; it is the voice which denotes, more sharply and on the whole more accurately than anything else, a cultural classification, and distinguishes the golden from the gilded.

Modern Love

THAT AMERICAN WOMAN. By ALEC WAUGH. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ELEANOR VAN ALEN

HALFWAY through this book, Mr. Waugh's hero, himself a novelist, sets forth his ideas for his forthcoming piece of fiction. It is to be "a bright topical piece of work—that people would not any more want to read in six years than they would a contemporary magazine article,"—but "he saw no reason why a writer should always write as though his work were in danger of immortality. . . . One had opinions on the problems of one's day. The fact that those problems would have ceased to be problems tomorrow did not prevent a writer from expressing his opinions on them now. . . . In a fast changing world the best one could do was to tackle what lay on hand. . . . It was to people of his day and hour that Gordon wished to be of service." In "That American Woman," the author of a notable book of travel sketches, "The Hot Countries," and those less significant if graceful studies in different climes, "Most Women," airs his opinions on a problem of modern love. Whereas always before this narrator has kept himself in the background, here, with the screening use of the third person, we encounter much that is obviously autobiographical.

Gordon Carruthers, young novelist and typical Englishman become cosmopolite through travel, has never known what it is to be jealous. That is to say, he has never really been in love. There have been women, of course, like gay, comradely Gwen, who gave so easily both friendship and love to any man she liked, but not for money,—and Joan, the young actress who understood him as only another fellow entertainer could. None mattered, however, till Faith Sweden, who finally "depoetized" all others for him. American and beautiful (and never quite real, a symbol necessary to the theme, one feels), she makes him perceive for the first time the many kinds of love women can experience separately and at once. He doubts his reputed understanding of sex psychology when Faith shows him how completely modern woman has taken over man's province of polygamy. Gordon's growing and enriched personality emerges vividly as the chief reality which gives the book its form and substance.

As well as a story of society, Mr. Waugh's novel is a tale of three cities—London, New York, and Villefranche—all of which the author in varying degrees has loved and known intimately. Like his own hero, Mr. Waugh writes constantly of people who are playing or on holiday, always throwing emphasis on the isolation which his profession forces on the author. His is that sophisticated point of view, that worldly wit and deftness in the use of words, which makes the language of smart English comedy such a source of delight to American audiences. He has, too, subtlety in analyzing the superficial aspects of the American as well as English scene, and a prose that is rhythmic, effortless, even melodious at times. Indeed, it might almost be said that the pen he guides is at times too facile, leading him to shallowness of ideas and banality in portraying emotions.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

CZARDAS. By JENO HELTAI *Houghton Mifflin.*

A story of Budapest in which delirium motivates the search which supplies the actual incidents of the tale.

MOZART. By MARCIA DAVENPORT. *Scribners.*

The biography of a genius whose life was not only dramatic but often melodramatic in its events.

WHAT I REALLY WROTE ABOUT THE WAR. By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. *Brentanos.*

War time comment presented with condiments in the way of interpretation.

The Saturday Review
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The Bowling Green

Human Being

XII. ERSKINE BROTHERS

IT was Herman Schmaltz who got Richard Roe a job in the publishing business. That was a long time ago—at least twenty years. It was in the days when most publishing offices were within lunching distance of Mouquin's restaurant at Sixth Avenue and 28th Street. It was at one of Mouquin's marble-topped tables that Herman, good, steady traveller on the Erskine staff, introduced Richard to Sam Erskine, the sales manager. Richard needed a job badly. The theatre enterprise had collapsed. There were a wife and baby in a tiny flat far uptown.

You can identify how long ago it was by this: the Singer Building was still the tallest in the world. In the Erskine Atlas, which had a big sale in those days, there was a profile drawing of relative elevations, and the Singer Building and the *Lusitania* (standing on her stern) were shown alongside Mount Everest and Kilimanjaro. The dear old Singer Building, with its matronly elevator ladies, many of whom must have been there from the beginning. When they celebrate its quarter-century in 1933, what a span of events might be remembered! Uptown makes a great fuss over Depressions, but they are nothing new in the financial district. Ask the pigeons: they began to observe hard times when horses became scarce. If you want to know how sharp-set those birds are, walk along Broad Street on Sunday, when all that region is deserted. Drop a few peanuts on the pavement and see how quickly the pigeons of the Stock Exchange cornice will swoop down. Perhaps there's a fable in it. Down Town is full of fables. Do women ever pay homage to that little tablet on Broad Street, "To mark the lost thoroughfare called Petticoat Lane"? Is that not symbolic of their modern escapade? The great glacier of 1930-32 passed over Manhattan Island, freezing loans and depositing moraines of paper. Many a rugged boulder was polished pretty smooth. But men fighting for margin are tough mountaineers. With ice-pick and hob-nails, roped together in catenations of credit, they bridge many a crevasse. The southernmost deposit of the great glacial epoch is that mysterious little stone in the middle of Battery Park. It is encouraging, it says *Coast and Geodetic Survey, Basic Bench Mark*. Perhaps to many a poor devil, touching bottom on a park bench, it seems only tragic irony. But there is meaning in that lowest curve of the tall city. Standing there, you can feel energy growing and roaring behind you. The God's-eye view would be that even an Ice Age could not shatter these industrious bipeds. They used it for tobogganing.

Erskine Brothers is still going, after a reorganization (it is amazing how hard it is to kill a publishing business), but the house no longer plays quite the role it did twenty years ago. It served in a unique way as a kind of normal school in the publishing business. Many able men who afterward went on their own, or joined other firms, worked for the Erskines at one time or another. The high turnover of personnelle in the staff was probably due to the fact that at the head of every main channel of the business there stood an Erskine, immovably intrenched. It was strictly a family affair. Whether your ambitions were Editorial, Sales, Manufacturing or Mail Order, an active Erskine closed the prospect. Even the Publicity and Author-Chasing were commanded by the youngest Mrs. Erskine, one of the earliest of the new generation of college women to take up publishing as a form of conscientious frolic; and her father, an old gentleman of incomparable sagacity, acted as chancellor of the exchequer. It was Daisy Erskine, fresh from college and susceptible to the new currents of literature that began to flow about the year 1912, who inaugurated the custom of giving tea parties for poets. This was pleasant and harmless, but in the long run the mixing of social and business relations is dangerous. The three older Erskines never quite knew whether to feel aggrieved or grateful that their own wives did not take the same insistent interest in the business.

The three senior Erskines were remarkable in this, that they regarded publishing definitely as a business, not as a branch of culture. This was still something of a new idea in those days. They would have been extremely ill at ease if called upon to discuss literary values, and they very shrewdly believed that if an author's books are really good reading he won't need to have tea parties given him. But with the exception of Sam, who presided over Sales, none of the Erskines moved very close to Richard Roe's humble orbit. It is worth dwelling on Sam Erskine a moment, for he taught Richard much.

The day Richard began work at Erskine's happened to be one of those occasions when Sam harangued the boys about their forthcoming tour on the road. He went over the list of new publications title by title, telling his salesmen a little about each book and what quantities he thought they ought to sell. Richard, to whom all this was complete mystery, felt very much out of it, but Sam, with admirable tact, asked him to take notes of the discussion. Richard did so, carefully recording all suggestions; afterwards he sat up late copying it all out, and had one transcript apiece typed for the salesmen. Sam thanked him politely for this zeal; it was not until sometime later that Richard discovered by chance that Sam had never even given these notes to the men. He had shoved them away in a desk drawer. "Don't burden the boys with unnecessary memos," was his comment when he saw that Richard had discovered him. "I just wanted you to begin to get the line in your head."

Sam Erskine had that mysterious sixth sense, invaluable in the publishing business, of getting a notion of a book without the pain of reading it. Life was to him far too immediate and amusing to waste much time in enjoying it at second-hand. By a few words of hearsay, or reading what the advertising department had put on the jacket, or by some indescribable deduction from the shape, size and typography of the book, he formed an intuition of its sales prospects. He would pick up a new volume fresh from the printer, by an unknown author; would give its pages a quick spin, and tell you with remarkable accuracy what it was likely to sell. One day he asked Richard to go with him to a big bookstore on Fifth Avenue, where he wanted to introduce him to the buyer. The argument turned on the relative sales of various titles—not Erskine books but those of other publishers. In almost every case Sam was able to guess, almost exactly, how many copies of each book this store had sold, and in what quantities they had been ordered and reordered. "*The Age of Brass*," Sam would say; "I guess you've sold close to four hundred. You've had two hundreds, a couple of fifties, and some small reorders since." The buyer would look it up in his card index. "Sam, you're good. We've had three hundred and seventy-five, and we're ordering more today." They would go round the counters together, Sam guessing quantities. He was proud of this gift, which was pure instinct, not based on any deliberate study. "It's not enough to know your own line," he told Richard. "You've got to know what the others are doing."

Sam was as quick and observant as a terrier. He had a profound distrust of the editorial department, but he wasted no energy in lamenting various plugs that were handed him to sell. Salesmanship to him was a delightful game, and even in the intervals of his leisure he would chuckle with joy when a possible new outlet occurred to him. His semi-annual review of the troops, when he called the boys together to go over the spring or autumn list, was a brilliant *tour de force*. In the little smoke-blue Trade Room all the dummies were lined up for display. The boys knew, and he knew they knew, that he had not read these books, but they all enjoyed his innocent bravado. "Now here's this new novel of Hampton's, *Carbon Paper*. The private life of a young secretary in big business. Listen, there's a love story in this that's really good. One of the most appealing romances I ever read—Daisy showed me the galleys. We ought to get five thousand advance easy. Gene, don't let the News Company off with less'n five hundred."

"Listen, Sam," Gene Vogelsang would reply, "don't forget we got stuck on Hampton's last one. The News Company's got several hundred of 'em yet."

"Well, if they take five hundred of this we'll make them an allowance on the old one. I'll take 'em back for J 'n' R's."

J 'n' R's were Jobs and Remainders, in which Richard Roe had his first experience of the publishing business.

At the time of these semi-annual conferences, which lasted for several days of impassioned argument and usually ended with a genial dinner at Mouquin's, Daisy Erskine always hung hopefully in the offing. Her theory was that she was better equipped than anyone else to tell the boys what the new books were like. She had actually read them, and she knew the authors. She suspected that the dope Sam was giving the boys was crude and inaccurate. He had small respect for authorship as a high profession, and she thought it deplorable that men representing the Erskine imprint were going out to push those books on such crass principles. She did once succeed in arranging a joint meeting of the Sales and Literary departments, at which several authors of the new books described their own works. But the selection of authors whom she brought in was unfortunate, and the salesmen were bored. A well-meaning dominie who lectured them for forty minutes on American Idealism might otherwise have sold fairly well, but the boys decided they were damned if they'd push that book. Sam never allowed Daisy to rope in authors thereafter until he had personally inspected them.

Sam's brilliance as a Sales Manager lay in his intimate understanding of salesman morale. "They're all prima donnas," he used to say; "if they don't feel pleased with themselves they're no good." An episode with Gene Vogelsang was a pleasant illustration. Gene, then taking care of the New York City Trade, was always temperamental. When he felt discouraged—for whatever reason, which may have had little to do with actual figures—he was convinced that he himself, the book business, and life in general were all gloomy error. On such days he would come in with his face carved in deep lines, fling down his heavy bag, and emit disconnected obscenities.

One day on his way to the office Sam happened to stop in at the office of a bookshop chain where for some unknown reason one of the Erskine books was in sudden demand. The buyer asked him to have a couple of hundred delivered at once. "I won't take the order," said Sam; "I'll have Gene come around, you give it to him. But don't just *give* it to him: make him work for it."

At the office Sam found Gene in one of his moods of discouragement. "Gene," he said, "I had a queer dream last night; I dreamed that Anderson's wanted a couple of hundred *Love Birds*."

"You're crazy," said Gene. "I was in there Tuesday, and they wouldn't touch it."

"Well, you know dreams are queer things," said Sam. "Play this hunch for me, won't you? See if they'll take fifty."

Gene took his feet off the desk and went out. In two hours' time he was back with a different face. "Well, Sam, it's a good thing you hire some real salesmen. I went round to Anderson, he gave me a terrible battle, but I planted two hundred and fifty on him. What do you think of that?"

"Great stuff, Gene," said Sam.

"It made me feel so good, I went to Schultz, and Barton, and Ryberg, and got some nice little pick-ups all down the line. Say, have some more of those dreams, will you?"

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Our Neighbors

LATIN AMERICAN PROBLEMS: Their Relation to Our Investors' Billions. By THOMAS F. LEE. New York: Brewer, Warner & Putnam. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by WALLACE THOMPSON
Author of "Greater America"

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, in the height of the glory of the Diaz régime, Thomas F. Lee was a tall young engineer at work on the port development of Manzanillo, on the Pacific Coast of Mexico. There, in intimate contact with Mexicans and their problems, he laid the foundations of a solid knowledge both of the facts and psychology of the Mexicans, and in the years that have followed he has added, layer by layer, a broad and comprehensive knowledge of virtually all of the countries of the Americas, and from many angles. His book is frankly designed to boil down that knowledge, and its resultant conclusions, for the benefit of the investor, past, present, or prospective. It is made up, in large part, of the text used in a valuable series of brochures which Mr. Lee sent out to some five thousand bankers and investors during 1931, with the addition of a comprehensive introductory chapter and of two interesting chapters on International Trade, one on "Invisible Exports" and the other on "Invisible Imports." The work, generously conceived, is painted in with broad strokes embellished with the meticulous brushwork of valuable statistics. It is the frank and immensely informative presentation of "Latin American problems" from the viewpoint of a seasoned observer who has studied long and thought deeply and with supreme intellectual honesty about the subject.

There is an extremely timely interest in Mr. Lee's book that will make it good reading to those who have followed the course of the recent investigations by a Senate sub-committee on the subject of Latin American loans. The book is, indeed, properly to be taken as a presentation, by a man who knows both Latin America and Wall Street (where the author is now ensconced in handsome offices panelled in white mahogany in the Bank of Manhattan tower), of the background and the facts and prospects of Latin American finance. But buried in its pages, and not too hard to find, are facts and stories which the active young Washington journalists who fomented the Latin American loan investigation in the Senate missed—and will be unhappy to have missed when they read Mr. Lee's factual but friendly pages. Such, for a single example, as the Brazilian loan where the revenues were advertised in *milreis*, with the printed declaration that the *milreis* had been converted into dollars at 32.44 cents,—when the official stabilized quotation was at the time 12 cents, and has not been anywhere near 32.44 cents for a dozen years!

On the other hand, Mr. Lee is in many places overly conservative (as many others, including myself, feel) in his thought that Latin American loans have been wasted by the borrowers. Many loans have been wasted, of course, and portions of others as well, but the picture is certainly not so gloomy in every spot as Mr. Lee finds it.

The book contains some excellent appendices, including a comparison of issuing values of Latin American government securities with their market price on December 31, 1931, showing a contraction from about $2,000,000,000 to less than a quarter of that face value. It has no index, an unfortunate omission, and the bibliography is confined to books and articles actually quoted and referred to in the text.

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Our American Civilization

Standing an Egg on End

SUCCESSFUL LIVING IN THIS MACHINE AGE. By EDWARD A. FILENE, in Collaboration with CHARLES W. WOOD. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by FELIX MORLEY

THE story of Columbus and the egg comes irresistibly to mind on reading this stimulating collection of essays by the famous Boston merchant and social economist. All of us have been asking, in more or less muddled fashion, how we can stabilize our wobbling civilization so as to permit humanity to enjoy with some feeling of permanence at least a fraction of the benefits which the industrial revolution has made available. Mr. Filene shows us that it is only necessary to do the obvious. Tap an egg sharply at one end and it will stand erect. Encourage and control the device of mass production and mankind will be liberated, not to dominate his fellows but to live successfully. Let this fragile egg of our civilization roll aimlessly around much longer, on the other hand, and there will be an irrevocable smash beyond the restorative powers of all the King's horsemen, not to mention his politicians.

There are several places in this study where the critical reader will be disposed to mark large marginal interrogations. Of such is the intimation that it is mass production which has put the quietus on a belief in Hell, and that feudalism was not overthrown until the advent of the steam engine. The theory that puritanical attitudes were the rule before the machine age and that there is more *joie de vivre* now than in the days when the world was divided into isolated communities is not easily sustained. A somber outlook on life was far more prevalent in the nineteenth century, with machinery well-established, than in the very unmechanical Elizabethan era. Can we prove that there are proportionately more smiling faces in Columbia University at this minute than could have been counted around the Parthenon?

In short, Mr. Filene does not strengthen his thesis by a tendency to attribute all spiritual and sociological advances to the advent of machinery. And many readers will not subscribe to the suggestion that "man can be truly free" when, and only when, he has made the acquisition of life's essentials "no more burdensome than is the task of getting our drinking water now."

But the occasional exaggerations are secondary to the lesson and moral of a very thought-provoking volume, which are that we must adapt our thinking to the age in which we find ourselves, and that if we take the trouble to do this, the seemingly insoluble problems of today will prove neither alarming nor beyond our capacity to surmount. The key which will unlock the door to a richer social life, Mr. Filene believes and argues persuasively, is found in mass production, and his definition of mass production—a phrase often used without true understanding of its meaning—is as follows:

> Mass production is not simply large-scale production. It is large-scale production based upon a clear understanding that increased production demands increased buying, and that the general total profits can be obtained only if the masses can and do enjoy a higher and ever higher standard of living.

The advent of true mass production, the author argues, is bringing a Second Industrial Revolution which is inaugurating "selfish, actual, factual coöperation, not in accordance with some theory of what man should be, but in accordance with what man really is." In this harmonization of precept and practice is foreseen the solution of most of the ailments which are sapping the foundations of contemporary society. In concentrating on *what* to think, instead of *how* to think, we have overemphasized the defects of selfishness, often a constructive force, and underemphasized the destructive effects of short-sightedness, whence our real difficulties arise. This thesis is worked out in separate chapters on such seemingly variant subjects as Unemployment, Credit, The Family, Education, the Tariff, World Peace, Socialism and Communism, Beauty, Health, Housing, Advertising, and Agriculture. It is this treatment which makes the book essentially a collection of stimulating essays, though they are cleverly integrated by the force of the central theme.

The time for understanding the possibilities of our machine economy, so much bewailed by pseudo-esthetes, and so grossly abused by those who have its direction in hand, is overdue. This provocative little volume, with a pungency and sprightly use of epigram for which Mr. Filene's collaborator (Mr. Charles W. Wood) is perhaps in part responsible, illumines the way to understanding, and therefore to control. One hopes that the Babbitts, as well as the intelligentsia, will recognize the places where their crudities are being shrewdly probed by the merchant philosopher who has given us this vivid interpretation of America's outstanding contribution to the civilization of our times.

American Incompetence

THE AMERICAN MIND. LEON SAMSON. Cape & Smith. 1932. $3.

THE incompetence of America is Mr. Samson's theme, examined first in a section on facets of the American mind, then in a series of type portraits on American social masks, and finally in a review of the American scene, ending with a last chapter called "Incompetence Squared." The general impression which the book produces is that of an interesting plan incompetently handled. For a study which makes continued laments on the absence of form in American life, a style strongly reminiscent of Veblen's is an unfortunate instrument. Mr. Samson announces his work as "not so much a book as a new school of social analysis." He expects to provide American society, through his socio-analysis, with the same type of therapy possible to the individual under psycho-analysis. American incompetence, according to him, is a social matter. On the first two pages of the book the charge that American infantilism is a characteristic of the individual is discarded on the grounds that Americans learn to wash themselves, to earn their living and to marry "as early as any body of adults in civilization." American Omnipotence of Thought, socially applied, is our weakness.

The fact that Mr. Samson frequently deplores the absence of a conscious ruling class in America and that he dedicates his book "to the American working class in the hope that it will extricate itself from a plebeian paralysis of the spirit" indicate its general orientation. Away with the monotony of Christian-democratic animal goodness. Up with the Marxist poet, the social artist who, tracing the delicate fingers of his imagination over a world, wrests new rhythms from it, draws it on to action to which the Practical Man, confirmed conformer that he is, in the long run dances and toes the line."

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About the Author

John Dos Passos has written constantly, fiction, plays, poetry, essays, but the form which interests him most has always been the novel. "Three Soldiers," and "Manhattan Transfer" were his first two important novels. Then came "The 42nd Parallel," a work that gave fullest expression to his diverse powers. Entirely American in theme and setting it presented a brilliantly realistic and dramatic picture of American life. In "1919," which is similar in structure, Dos Passos gives an even more effective portrayal of our times. The story is more intimate and more swiftly moving than any other he has written.

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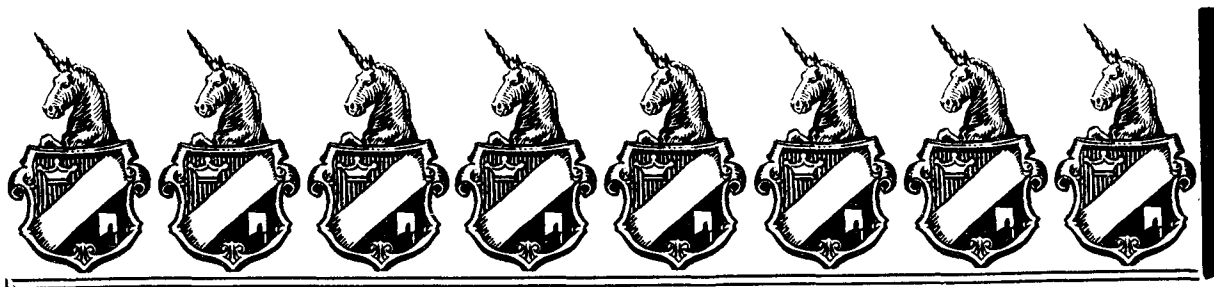

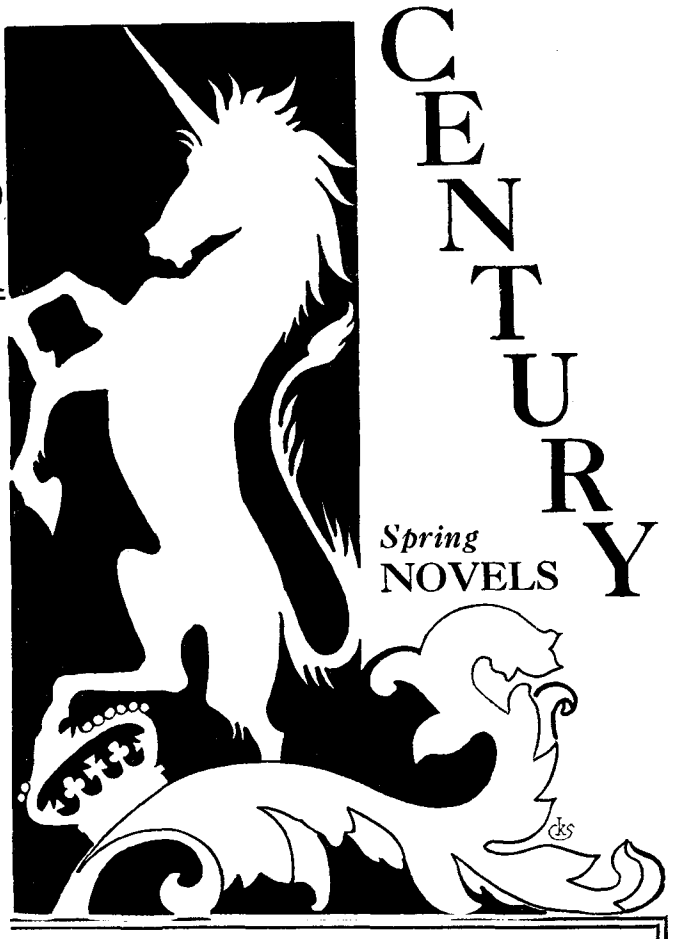

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UNICORN

By Marguerite Steen

WHEN you travel across Europe and through Bavaria it is quite possible that you will never encounter the borders of Rheingoldstein at all. This tiny little principality, a three-cornered scrap torn from the corner of a larger province, is given over to grazing land and pig rearing. On the crest of a rocky crag, brooding over the capital city, is a small, mediæval fortress of obsolete discomfort. In it once lived the family of Eitel Christian, the good duke, who dotted the landscape with Lutheran churches and then, conscious of his good works, felt free to drop the cares of state to pursue his dearest occupation—fishing. Margarethe, his daughter, grew up into a lump of a girl in the cold and gloomy quarters of the castle. Then came the revolution. The ducal family had to flee, Margarethe was transplanted into the sunny and luxurious ease of Italy. There she flowered and knew companionship and experienced affection. Miss Steen has written the story of this young arch-duchess' experiences in the whirlpool of post-war Europe, of her flight from her tyrannical mother and her two insane old aunties, of her mad dash across Europe with an English artist, and of her final return, with her husband, to Rheingoldstein. $2.50

Marguerite Steen

is a young English woman who has written several earlier novels, two of which were published in this country under the titles: "Dark Duel" and "They That Go Down in Ships."

She had planned to make the stage her chosen career, but she had two famous sponsors who turned her feet, instead, to the thorny paths of literature. One was Ellen Terry whom she considered her "guide, monitor, and dearest friend"; the other was the late William J. Locke. "He had read my first novel (written at the age of 15)," she tells us, "and earned the gratitude of the publishers and public alike by gently but firmly suggesting its suppression! But he considered I had the writing maggot in me and would produce something sooner or later." If he could have lived to read UNICORN he would undoubtedly feel that his prediction was justified.

"*Sometimes,*" writes Christopher Morley,

"I wish there might be . . . a Book-of-the-Month Club for which so fragrant, subtle, simple, and beautiful a book as this might be chosen. . . . The humor, so tart and crisp, will escape the hurrying reader. . . . In its own genre it is a tender perfection; a sparkling achievement in a vein for which American fiction has no counterpart. I commend it to those who have a palate for the most delicate vintage."

THE MONTH OF MAY

By Jane Dashwood

MARY WILLOUGHBY ushered in that first May day by reading to her old father his favorite lines from Thomas Malory—*"For it giveth unto all lovers courage, that lusty month of May, more in that month than in any other month . . .* Before that day was over Mary was to learn that Malory's lines held only bitter irony for her—for this day which had commenced with such calm sameness to those preceding it sheltered unexpected hopes, emotions, memories and the cruel necessity of choice between loyalty and love. $2.00

IMAGINED CORNERS

By Willa Muir

NEARLY every one of us has some one "imagined corner," some deeper reality that we dimly recognize as the unguessed lodestar of our life. Call it Faith, call it Love, call it Duty, call it what you will. Elizabeth called it Love, but she was foolish enough to marry the sort of man romantic women think they can reform. And the little Scotch town of Calderwick was agog at the spectacle of an intellectual bluestocking marrying and trying to keep in order the town scapegoat—Hector Shand.

Hector's "imagined corner" was Opportunity so he made the most of it—(in the shape of his pretty sister-in-law, Mable). The return of Elise, the run-away sister of the Shands, causes reverberations in all of their lives, for she had learned from loving and losing, that the life governed by reasonable intelligence is the only one that holds firm.

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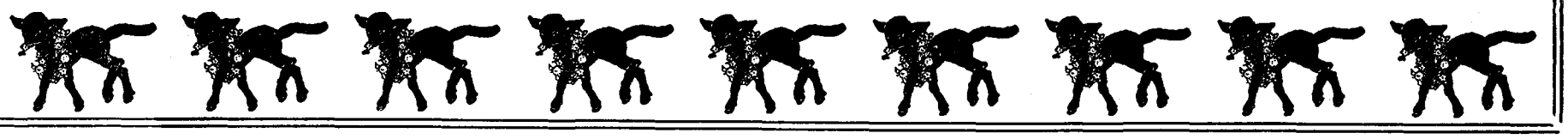

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Some Recent Fiction

Poor Whites

AMERICAN EARTH. By ERSKINE CALDWELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by VINCENT WALL

THIS book is titled rather appropriately. Its characters are the poor whites of the South and the damyankees of the North. Such men and women existing in the lazy backwash of American life have been done often enough in folk story and in popular fiction. It is seldom, however, that they have been done with greater honesty and less sentiment.

The author's style is that of the early Hemingway. He uses clipped sentences, literal, factual, sometimes crude, and sometimes flat, as well as the technical tricks that such a treatment permits: the deliberate understatement, and the repeated phrase or epithet which suggests a lyric note. We are told, for instance, in "The Mating of Marjorie," that the heroine's "arms and legs are cool and firm, like the young pines in winter," and like a theme in music this phrase is repeated at intervals. Mr. Caldwell's attitude, not unnaturally, is that of the objectivist, and more often than not he is convincingly real. He writes of many things—of young love, a village quarrel, and the death of an old woman—yet it is always an impersonal, detached, and restrained account. When he writes of a lynching, it becomes an incident which he reports vividly and with clarity. His interest is purely literary, he makes no pretence of presenting a social document. He has taken a stand on no moral issues. His interest is in revealing character, and this he does—sometimes with humor, sometimes with pathos, and often with apathy.

The most distinguished contribution of the book is the story, "The Sacrilege of Allan Kent," which is the whole of the last section. It is the brusque, disconnected autobiography of a youth who eventually achieves a rather bitter maturity. The story is told by means of a bewildering variety of incidents and mental states briefly announced by the author in some one hundred and fifty numbered statements. The events described are often discolored and ugly; the statements are often chaotic and puzzling; occasionally they seem unimportant, and are like childhood memories which have unaccountably escaped oblivion.

There is almost no plot. Incidents are recorded incoherently and are apparently without significance. It might be a section from an author's notebook in which material for a novel had been collected. Childhood and boyhood are briefly suggested. Thereafter, the youth gives many years to aimless wandering about the South and the Middle West. He roustabouts with a carnival and works with niggers and poor whites on farm, levee, and plantation. Time and place mean nothing, and the account is always blurred and chaotic.

There are almost no characters save himself and those who pass briefly in and out of his life. His father and mother are dimly seen in the first section, Tracing Life with a Finger. Many women and some few men appear later for an instant, but they have life only in their relation with the ego of Allan Kent. This type of fiction is the stream of consciousness technique developed almost to the limit of its possibilities.

It is evident that the book has some value. Mr. Caldwell has something to say, although he is not always quite articulate. There is also a certain immaturity that makes certain of the stories seem trivial. The work on the whole, however, has strength and vigor, and the characters are full-blooded and convincing. Those who keep an ear to the ground for the new voices in literature will be interested in reading his next volume.

A Novel Not a Novel

TOWARDS A BETTER LIFE. Being a Series of Epistles or Declamations. By KENNETH BURKE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THIS new book of Mr. Burke's is an exemplification of the theory of literature he propounded in "Counter-Statement." That is to say, it is an example of what can be done with rhetoric. It is called a novel, though the title would lead one to believe that it is a treatise on sociology. When it is opened and read the effect is like reading a series of essays on many very vaguely defined topics. One is a bit dazzled by the brilliance of the parts—of particular sentences and paragraphs—but rather left in the dark about the whole. It is impossible to say what the story is "about" unless we accept the dust jacket explanation that it is concerned with the adventures of John Neal "who, seeking to be self-sufficient and strong-willed, deliberately courts disaster and lives dangerously."

Just why Mr. Burke felt it necessary to drag in any reference to the novel is difficult to understand. If he had confined himself to fiction, this book would have been mysterious enough. For certainly there is little here that is traditional to the novel as it has been practised since the eighteenth century. Mr. Burke confesses that he has rejected, deliberately, most of the characteristic features of fiction and concentrated upon those which interested him and for which he had a talent. The result is that he has written a novel which consists almost entirely of "reflective" passages and which is largely lacking in those materials which have to do with character portrayal and action. This specialization allows him to indulge his taste for rhetoric unrestrained, though it must be confessed that it removes from the "novel" most of the values traditionally associated with it. It is as though Fielding, for instance, should have published a "Tom Jones" made up of those amusing prefatory remarks that introduce the chapters of his celebrated work.

Yet it would be sheer stupidity to say that "Toward a Better Life" is a failure, for such a verdict would require that one ignore Mr. Burke's intention. Within the limitations he imposed upon himself he would seem to have succeeded, but the book "fails" because the limitations are so excessive that the reader is left with little upon which to operate. He has nothing to which to catch on and he flounders about seeking a key to the rhetoric which strikes him as being brilliant without being firmly rooted. It is studio writing. It shows writers whose talents are more ordinary than Mr. Burke's wherein they can improve their work. For there can be no doubt that Mr. Burke is right in objecting to the current novel which is so often mere journalism.

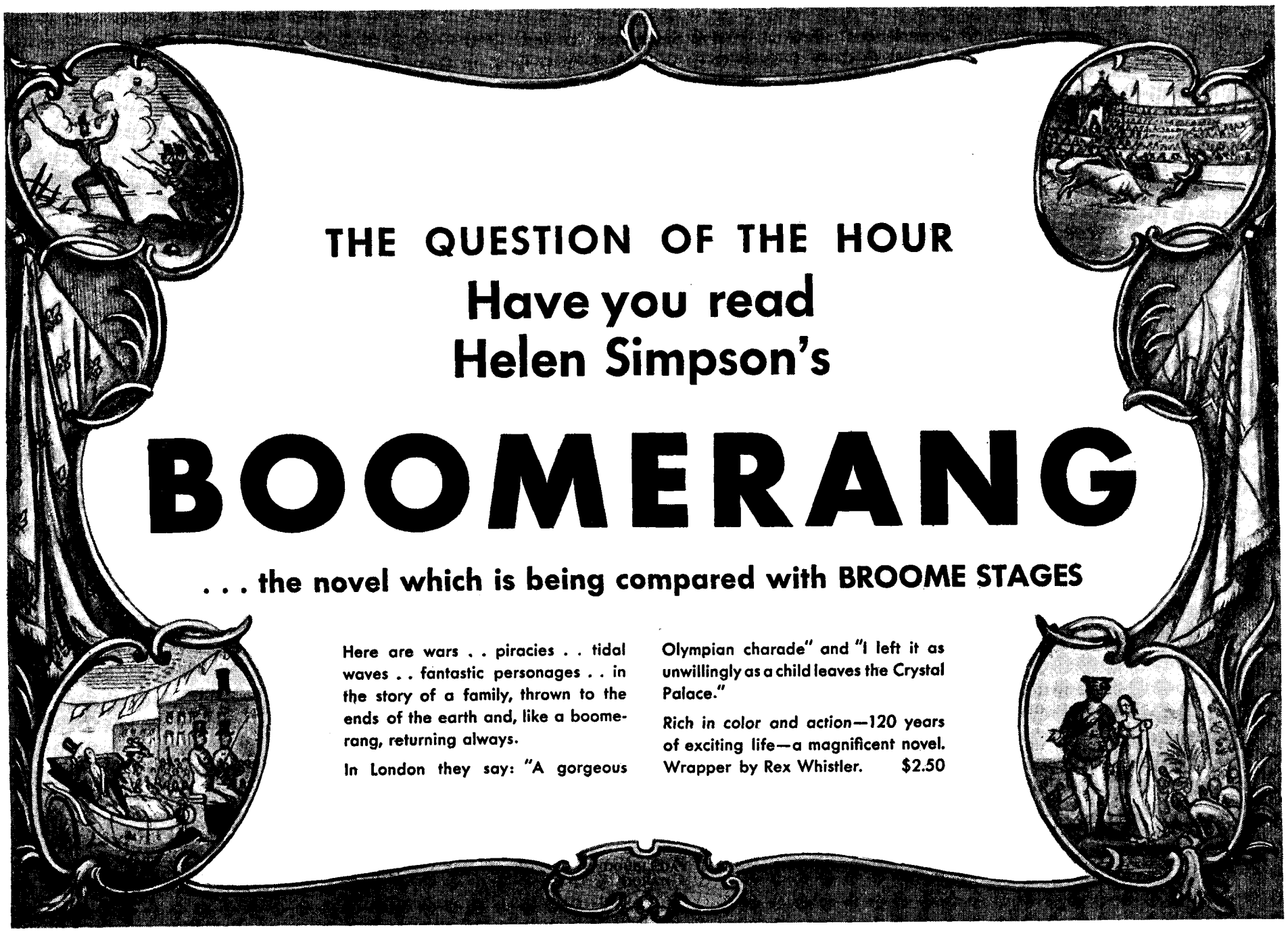
If literature is a distillation of experience and not mere reporting there is every reason in the world for paying attention to the manner. It is to this necessity that Mr. Burke points. He writes:

> Why should an author spend a year or more on a single book, and end by talking as he would talk on the spur of the moment? Or why should he feel impelled to accept as the "norm" of his elucubrations that style so admirably fitted for giving the details of a murder swiftly over the telephone and rushing them somehow into copy in time for the next edition of the news? The two billion words that are printed daily in the United States (to say nothing of the thousands of billions that are uttered) would seem to provide the public with enough of them—and if only through modesty, an author might seek to appeal by providing something else.

This is sound comment, and in so far as "Towards a Better Life" may be regarded as a protest against this sort of thing and a guide to how to provide the "something else" it is an important book. In itself, it is difficult to see how a reviewer can recommend it to the average reader. He would be better advised to insist that it be read by all practising novelists who are seeking new ways of exploiting their craft or beginning writers who are seeking to escape from the horrors of journalized fiction.

A writer in *John o' London's Weekly* says apropos the English language: "The progress of our languages does not consist in what we give to other peoples so much as in what we take from them. English has been enriched by every language spoken on earth. What we find we make our own, and when we meet with a needed word which our vernacular does not supply we take it without scruple. So it should be."

The President of the Poetry Society of England is quoted as saying that "in recent times Asquith has been the only man in the House of Commons who could speak verse effectively—'Mr. Snowden and Mr. Lounsbury both wound up (recent) speeches with poetry, and I never heard anything so terrible from a verse-speaking point of view in my life.'"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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

THE ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO. By WALTER NOBLE BURNS. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $2.50.

This being, by its sub-title, "The Saga of Joaquin Murrieta, Famous Outlaw," it details the career of that one-time notorious road-agent and cutthroat who with his sworn band preyed upon the Americans of Central California in the gold camp days. In fact, Murrieta's operations extended from the northern diggings to the latitude of Los Angeles, more than six hundred miles. He took to the road in 1850; he was killed in midsummer of 1853. In that course of less than three years he wrote with knife and gun those bandit annals which are a source of innumerable anecdotes connected with his name.

Murrieta was Mexican born. If he was twenty when he entered the blood trail he was twenty-three when he came to the end of it. He arrived in California from the south with his girl wife, or reputed wife, Rosita, likely early in 1849. He had snatched her from her Old Mexico home in Lochinvar fashion. In 1850, at Saw Mill Flat of Calaveras County, he was evicted from his rightful claim by American miners and his wife was mistreated by them; this outrage, and the succeeding lynching of his brother and whipping of himself, upon an apparently trumped-up charge of horse stealing, definitely set him to the work of unremitting vengeance upon the Anglo in California.

He was of reputation chivalrous on occasion (for he had need of noncombatant allies), and on occasion murderous. He was clever, bold, and personable, and to the natives, or Californians, was a knight-errant hero and a true patriot. His band was large and was well organized. It mustered consort women, and atrocious brutes such as "Three Fingered Jack" García whose specialty was slashing the throats of squeaking Chinamen. Murrieta himself was popularly assumed to be bent upon the reconquest of California for the Spanish race. How far he had gone with that assigned ambition when he was shot by the Harry Love posse is still a matter of romance.

The career of Murrieta has filled many pages of print. Apparently little of news has remained to be told. Mr. Burns, however, in compiling this last history has visited the old haunts and interviewed the descendants of Murrieta's contemporaries, and has sought to relive the old days. Lacking the more familiar, if not the more dramatic, plot structure which framed the operations of Billy the Kid, a succession of killings, thuggeries, robberies, and gallantries may unavoidably pall a trifle upon the reader; but that must be Joaquin Murrieta as he is written.

I SAW HITLER! DOROTHY THOMPSON. Farrar & Rinehart. 1932.

In her foreword, Dorothy Thompson announces her little book as a straight piece of reporting. On that basis, did her method contain a fallacy? Reporting Hitler today is like reporting Bryan before the war. Surely Hitler, for all his childishness, is not one of those who should be seen but not heard. The reporter who visits an impresario in his dressing room is usually expected to acquaint the reader first with an account of his performance. Had she begun with a picture of the huge Berlin Sportpalast, crowded to the last seat fifteen minutes after the doors open, all entrances protected from gate-crashers by squadrons of police, everyone waiting to be addressed by a person who, as a German newspaperman has remarked, is the first German to talk to six or seven thousand people rather than drone them a reading of a secretarially prepared speech,—in the light of such a scene what she says afterwards would be put in its proper setting. Why she could not believe her eyes is interesting, but chiefly as a contrast to the fact that so many Germans believe their ears.

How has Hitler, the weak, vain and facile, been able to do his stuff? On what basis has he built, in the short space of five or six years, a nation-wide machine on a scale fit to excite the admiration of Stalin or of Tammany? What Hitler said, alone in his hotel room, was inadequate, self-contradictory, laughable. Yet Hitlerism remains. The last lines of Dorothy Thompson's report hint at something more,—"Perhaps the drummer boy has let loose forces stronger than he knows." Can Hitler be explained except in terms of those forces?

DEAR ROBERT EMMET: A Biography. By R. W. POSTGATE. Vanguard. 1932. $2.50.

"When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then* shall my character be vindicated, *then* may my epitaph be written." Thus Emmet is reported to have spoken from the dock; we cannot be certain of his exact words, for there exist twenty versions of this last speech which has so often found its way into the handbooks of oratory. Yet long before his country achieved its freedom, his character, never greatly maligned, found its complete vindication in the voluminous publications of R. R. Madden and T. A. Emmet. To write his epitaph would not be difficult, but the writing of a biography is filled with difficulties. He was hanged before he was twenty-five, and during his short life he left few biographical materials; nor did his associates leave many written remains of their activities. Few of his contemporaries understood him. He was secretive, obstinate, and silent. To his father the frail, bespectacled lad was a great enigma; and John Patten, a friend of the family, said that you might live in the same room with him for ten years and never discover what he thought about himself. Mr. Postgate has a poor opinion of modern biographical novels and confines himself to the limits of genuine biography. But he has been able to discover no important new sources of information, nor has he been able to consult manuscript sources: his materials are the printed materials which have been available for many years. The author's title for the book, despite his qualification, suggests a degree of intimacy and the portraiture of a character which we never find. We have but fleeting glimpses of this lonely, romantic figure who alone sought to reorganize the United Irishmen after the disaster of 1798, whose carefully planned rebellion ended in what is best described as a drunken Saturday night street brawl, whose passionate devotion to Ireland brought him, as it has brought others, to the scaffold.

But if Mr. Postgate has failed to achieve a satisfactory biography of Emmet, he has written an excellent history of the revolutionary movement in Ireland at the end of the eighteenth century. He understands well the Irish politics of the period: the Beresford faction, Castlereagh, Lord Clare, Tone, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and his sketches of these are among his best pages. The cruelties, treacheries, and pettiness of Irish politics do not escape him. The activities of traitors in the ranks of the Irish patriots is an interesting and melancholy story in itself. The author becomes so absorbed in sketching this valuable background that he neglects to give us the day and month of Emmet's birth. While the form of the bibliography is extremely clumsy, it will probably never disturb the ordinary reader who will turn to these interesting pages to read of those men whose "names are old, sad stories in men's ears."

BISHOP BERKELEY. By *J. M. Hone* and *M. M. Rossi*. Macmillan. $4.

HEADLINES. By *Janette Cooper*. Harpers. $2.

HELLENISTIC QUEENS. By *Grace Harriet Macurdy*. Johns Hopkins Press. $4.

HISTORY OF THE LATIN-AMERICAN NATIONS. By *William Spence Robinson*. Appleton. $5.

THE COMPANY OF SCOTLAND. By *George Pratt Insh*. Scribners. $4.

THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1865. By *Louis M. Hacker* and *Benjamin B. Kendrick*. Crofts. $5.

REMINISCENCES OF COLONEL H. S. OLCOTT. By various writers. Compiled by *Hridaye Narain Argarval*. Madras: Theosophical Publishing House.

EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By *A. J. Cloud* and *Vierling Kersey*. Scribners. 80 cents.

WHAT LINCOLN READ. By *Rufus Rockwell Wilson*. Washington, D. C.

MY FIRST HUSBAND. By *His First Wife*. Greenberg. $2.50.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FISHERMAN. By *Frank Parker Day*. Minton, Balch. $2.

(Continued on page 610)

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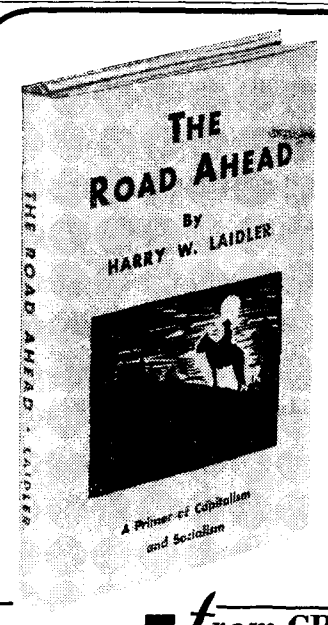

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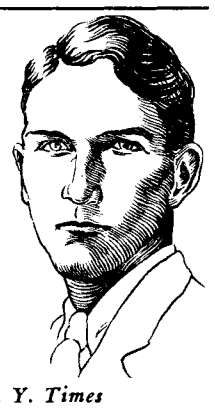

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Points of View

A Long Sentence

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In connection with the discussion over the longest printed sentence in the English language, I beg to call the attention of your readers to an interesting exhibit now in the Treasure Room of the Boston Public Library in connection with the 150th anniversary of the birth of Daniel Webster. Along with many letters, books, manuscripts, and pamphlets found there, we find both the manuscript and the pamphlet of the eulogy of Webster which Rufus Choate delivered at Dartmouth in 1853. It is noted that this address contains a sentence of no fewer than 1283 words. This is much longer than the sentences from Edward Phillips, Hazlitt, Abraham Cowley, Ruskin, James, or Proust recently quoted or referred to in letters to the *Saturday Review.*

JOHN CLAIR MINOT.

Boston *Herald.*

On a Book List

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

May I hark back to the Bowling Green in the Dec. 19, 1931 *Saturday Review of Literature?* (I am a post-office clerk, and had to wait until the shouting and the tumult incident to Christmas died before I could catch up with all and sundry.) Now I take issue with Mr. Morley. Flatly, *I* do not hope that "this will be the last Reading List we shall ever have to compile." Me, I am like Oliver T, I want more, and I am sure I bespeak thousands like myself. Ever since I stumbled upon Mr. Morley's "Haunted Bookshop," I have followed everything he has written with interest, and not the least of his appeal has been the tolerant, humorous, affectionate, informative manner in which he has literally wallowed, so to speak, in a sea of literary allusion. There are only two other living writers whom I can recall offhand that do this—Arthur Colton, whom the beloved *Review* has galvanized into life *encore,* after a silence of long years since "The Debatable Land" and "The Delectable Mountains" were published; and Walter de la Mare. Oh, A. Edw. Newton and Holbrook Jackson do; but they are a shade more dogmatic and academic about it, if you get me. No offense intended. I love these writers, too.

I ran through the list with whoops of joy. He only left out two of my pets: Arthur Colton, whom nobody seems to suspect the existence of, and John Cowper Powys, who only lately has begun to come into his own. Certain chapters of "The Meaning of Culture" rendered me sheer drunk with delight, somewhat after the manner that the poems of Ossian did to Turkey—I *believe* it was Turkey—in "Stalky and Co." Mr. Morley and Powys and De la Mare hold this much in common for me, least, that I wish to read and own every damn thing Mr. Morley has individually and collectively written.

"Complete Sherlock Holmes." . . . I suppose it is impossible for one who did not become book conscious in the late 'nineties ever quite to develop the yen for A. Conan Doyle that his more enthusiastic admirers exhibit. I read for the first time "The Hound of the Baskervilles" in the old *Strand* magazine, and I can literally see those illustrations accompanying it even yet. To this day the essentially English words "moor" and "tor" stir all those "superimposed secondary pleasures of which the romanticist experiences so many" in me. One of the cleverest wisecracks Billy Phelps ever made is this: "The villain of 'Bob Son of Battle,' Red Wull, would make the hound of the Baskervilles look like a pet lapdog." Only I cannot agree with him, metaphorically or literally. Only to the complete Holmes I would add one rare book of literary reminiscence and criticism by Doyle, "Through the Magic Door."

It tickled me clean down to the ground to see Mr. Morley include O. Henry and R. L. S. "*ad lib.*," and I was in hopes he would list Kipling ditto. However, he was doubtless right, and anyhow he did name two of my R. K. pearls of great price, "The Jungle Books" and "Traffics and Discoveries." With the possible exception of Tarkington's "Cherry," that story in T. and D. entitled "The Bonds of Discipline" moves me to my uproarious guffawing hysterical merriment more than anything I have ever read. Even Don Marquis's archy cannot quite move me thusly.

Sorry he left out "Almayer's Folly" and "The Arrow of Gold" in his Conrad items. Better have had him "*ad lib.*," too, maybe? When Mr. Morley dedicated his "Inward Ho" to Conrad, I knew of four other books so dedicated, but now I can recall only two, W. L. George's "Bed of Roses" and Percival Gibbon's all too little known South African story with its Browning title, "Flower o' the Peach." Only it included Jessie C. in the dedication. Have you ever chanced upon the clever paper in Carl van V.'s "Excavations" on book dedications? But he overlooked one awfully good bet, the killing dedication of Max Adeler's "Out of the Hurly Burly," to "The intelligent compositor." I swear there is a book that would bear re-issuing.

Howcum Mr. Morley left "By the Ionian Sea" and s'more Gissing outa the picture? Oh, I realize a man must draw the line somewhere. The list and commentary he includes in "John Mistletoe" are worth their weight in gold, too. Or is it in "Off the Deep End?" He used Prospero and "The Tempest" generally as a springboard to take off, as I recall.

Was amused that he mentioned only Hardy's "Poems." It is the berries to get hep to Hardy's poetic idiom. Almost as difficult to achieve as an understanding and liking for Bill S., his sonnets. Was rereading a determined and not too successful attempt to unscrew the inscrutable in an essay on poetry by Yvor Winters t'other night. It is in "The American Caravan" for 1929, a lengthy and embittered attempt from the more technical side, with an horrific title, something about the reintegration of the human spirit through poetry since Poe and Beaudelaire. Anyhow, Yvor made a fairly good fist of it, though he handed my dearly beloved T. S. Eliot some terrible slams, but he *did* argue what I have long dimly apprehended, and Mr. Morley has now confirmed, namely the suspicion that Hardy is a first rank poet. Well, one poem, "An Ancient to Ancients," ought to settle that. But what I started out to say: It is my dogmatic and unalterable opinion that the "best" English novel is T. H.'s "Return of the Native." Second, "The Way of All Flesh"; third, well it is about a standoff between "Of Human Bondage" and "South Wind." But some day Willa C's by no means inconsiderable "Song of the Lark" is going to come into its own, too. I have a friend who will gibber with sheer joy when he finds Mr. Morley has included "Tristram Shandy" among his arcana. "Oh, well, I'll counter by hurling "Desert Island" at his head, and take advantage of the occasion to rub it in *real hard* that "Crossings" is genuine literature, just as surely as one short poem, "The Song of the Mad Prince" is equal to the very best in the canon of English poetry. For that "Desert Islands" inclusion, thanks horribly.

John Donne I only recently became aware of, via T. S. Eliot; more especially "Prufrock," though the magnificent "Because I Do Not Wish to Turn Again" suggests in spirit and mood, at least, Donne's beautiful "A Prayer to God the Father."

Santayana Mr. Morley introduced me to, even as he did to Gissing and much of the wonderful stuff T. B. Mosher published. Now after reading A List in this *Review* I simply must have Compton Leith's "Sirenica."

Vachel Lindsay I heard talk and read his poems at the senior high school building here a year ago this winter. Was disappointed that he left out his best poem, "The Chinese Nightingale." Impossible to realize he is dead. What a soul he was. Seldom that an opportunity is afforded a bookworm 'way out here in Nebraska to see Shelley plain, so to speak. And while Lindsay is not for me the Word made Flesh, as Rupert Brooke was and E. A. Robinson is, he was worth going a long ways to hear.

Elinor Wylie . . . another landmark. Her poem, "This Corruptible," is a genuine event in literature, if you ask me. I carried it around for days, and read it until it was worn to shreds—believe it first saw the light in the L H J, of all places on earth. Then I transcribed it on my Underwood. I pass it along to nuts like myself now and then.

Hawthorne . . . I was in hopes Mr.

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Morley would tally for "The Marble Faun" instead of "The Scarlet Letter." It is (excuse me) the better novel. "Now who shall arbitrate . . . ?"

As for Brooke, every time I finish brooding anew over "Second Best," I am assured he is the greatest English poet since Keats. Robt. C. Holliday is another kinsprit to whom Mr. Morley introduced me, as is Edmund Lester Pearson. As for "Dreamthorp," and Belloc, too, in such ideal essays as "At the Sign of the Lion," I never can thank him sufficiently for steering me to them. But I have dogmatized enough. One more fool question, why did Mr. Morley omit Jas. Elroy Flecker? Oh, I know—he was a victim of "sheer forgetfulness." In conclusion . . . "finally brethern" . . . his best book is "Inward Ho," and best poem "A Madonna of the Curb."

HENRY PATTERSON.

Grant Island, Neb.

Mr. Neihardt Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Upon reading Stanley Vestal's self-revelation in a recent article occasioned by the appearance of "Black Elk Speaks," I was surprised to learn that the undersigned "gradually came to see that his great (Western) heroes were only sham, imitation Indians; that they were, after all, ignorant and intolerant immigrants and aliens who gained their fame by aping the dress and manners of the Red Man (long hair, fringes, ferocity, and all)," and that "reluctantly, we may suppose, Mr. Neihardt has abandoned his white heroes, and in 'The Song of the Indian Wars' turned definitely to the one genuine and significant figure on the frontier — the American Indian."

I was astonished upon reading further that "Neihardt's conversion has been absolute" and that "Black Elk Speaks" "is his penance."

I may state for those among the readers of the *Review* who are acquainted with my work and with the plan and purpose of my Cycle of the West, that I am unaware of any such change of heart. So far as I am able to determine, I am still quite shamelessly unregenerate. In fact, the two "Songs" that remain to be written, by way of completing the Cycle, are concerned with both "sham and imitation Indians," among these being Jedediah Smith! It is true that many who have read "The Song of Hugh Glass" and "The Song of Three Friends" may wonder at these expressions; and indeed it is a bit difficult to see how even green spectacles could reveal Hugh Glass or Talbeau or Carpenter in such a light.

As for my allegedly recent flight from both "sham and imitation Indians" to real ones, it may interest my critic to learn that my first book, published just a quarter of a century ago, was an Indian book. It is still in print.

"The Song of the Indian Wars" is the concluding narrative of my Cycle of the West, and it was written out of its chronological order for the practical reason that the white men and Indians who took part in those wars would soon disappear, and intimate contact with them seemed desirable during the writing of that "Song." Furthermore, and quite naturally, there were white men as well as Indians, that is to say, both the "sham and imitation" variety and the real ones, in those wars, as my critic will learn when, if ever, he shall do me the honor of reading the book with the single-hearted purpose of getting what is in it.

"Black Elk Speaks" is a by-product of studies among my Sioux friends for a book originally planned as a part of "The Song of the Indian Wars" and upon which I am now working according to plan.

As for Black Elk, who, after all, was the proper subject of my critic's remarks, it is really news to me that my Ogalala friend, whom I know very well indeed, has been all his life long under "the frightful domination of fear, or terror." I should say that such domination would be so obviously frightful as to render the epithet redundant. But the record as presented in the book seems hardly to support the statement.

As for Black Elk being "a maladjusted soul," what seer or saint or prophet has been otherwise? And if we are to dispense with all such maladjustments, what is to become of the little humanness we have? If such maladjustments are to be regarded as reprehensible, must we not logically descend to the pig-stye for our norm? There, certainly, the adjustment seems perfect.

As for the "rhetoric" and "the puffed up sentiment" and "the daring deeds" of my "earlier heroes," it seems that there may be some intelligent doubt as to the accuracy of those expressions. To cite only one instance, because it is particularly pertinent in these columns, the editors of the Canby-Drinkwater-Benét anthology were otherwise impressed.

Strange as it may seem to some, this is written by one who believes in the fine abilities of Stanley Vestal. The Western field is large enough to accommodate a great many sincere workers, among whom I include both him and myself. Literature is not a foot-race. Let the *Saturday Review* give me Stanley Vestal's next book for comment in its columns, and it will be made clear enough that I sincerely wish my fellow workers all success.

JOHN G. NEIHARDT.

A Shakespeare Allusion

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

It is almost incredible that a very simple medical allusion in one of Shakespeare's most popular plays, "As You Like It," has not been understood by physicians and has been misunderstood by laymen. Yet such is the fact. Le Beau, in great trepidation, informs Rosalind and Celia that Charles, the Duke's wrestler, had thrown the eldest of three brothers and broken three of his ribs, "that there is little hope of life in him." Rosalind, hearing that there is to be more wrestling, inquires "is there any [one] else [who] longs to see this broken Musicke in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?"

Commentators are pretty well agreed that Rosalind's "to see" means "to experience," even though a number of very fine scholars have favored substituting Dr. Johnson's "feel" for "see." But no one has yet given a satisfactory explanation of what Shakespeare meant by the "broken Musicke." Mr. Chappell, the author of the invaluable "Popular Music of the Olden Time," first suggested that Shakespeare had the music of a string band in mind; subsequently he retracted this absurd suggestion and substituted for it the notion that Shakespeare was referring to a broken "consort," that is, a consort of four musical instruments (*e.g.,* four violins) in which one or more of the instruments were replaced by other instruments (*e.g.,* flutes). This explanation, which really explains nothing, is to be found in practically every modern edition of "As You Like It." More recently the editors of the "new" Cambridge Shakespeare have suggested that "Rosalind means a broken musical instrument and refers to the 'ribs,' *i.e.,* the curved strips of wood which were glued together to form the body of the lute." But this explanation also misses the point. Shakespeare would not have spoken of "broken music" if he had meant to say only that the ribs were broken. Broken "ribs" in a lute do not constitute broken music, or any other kind of music. What Shakespeare had in mind was a fact he had probably learned from some physician: that the respiratory movements of a person having one or more broken ribs are accompanied by a cracking sound, technically known as "crepitus," which results from the grating of the broken ends against each other. The sound produced by three broken ribs might very aptly, even if somewhat grimly, be called "broken music."

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.

New York, N. Y.

A Cooper Bibliography

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In collaboration with Mr. Philip C. Blackburn of the New York Public Library, I have prepared and have almost ready for press a bibliography of the writings of James Fenimore Cooper. It is to include a full collation of American first editions and a brief entry for other American and foreign editions published prior to Cooper's death in 1851. It will also include check-lists of all the more important collected editions ever published and of his contributions to magazines and newspapers.

As the value of such an undertaking depends upon the coöperation of many people, I should be glad to correspond with anyone who has sets or early editions of Cooper's works, who can give me entries of obscure periodical or pamphlet publications or adaptations, or who has any other information or suggestions which might be of service to the readers, students, collectors, and booksellers for whom the book is being prepared.

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A German Letter

By HELEN HILL

GERMANY'S critical economic and political situation is filling the bookshop windows of Berlin this season with a store of non-fiction works. Back and forth on the sidewalks in front of them newspaper vendors offer the dailies which blazon the solutions championed by the conflicting parties from the *Angriff* (Hitler's Berlin paper) to the *Eiserne Front* of the Social Democrats. And inside, in a somewhat more solid form, the same wares are to be had.

The Hitler literature is genuinely too numerous to mention. There is "Mein Kampf," Hitler's autobiography written while he was in prison after his attempted Putsch in Munich in 1923; this has become a kind of Bible to his followers and has a constant sale. Of all the books about Hitler and Hitlerism, Billung's "Geschichte einer Bewegung" is one of the most useful; it is written by a man who, though a member of the movement, is nevertheless aware of certain of its weaknesses. "National-Sozialisten," published by Junius Alter a year and a half ago, gives short biographies of the star personalities engaged in making the Revolution from the Right, Ludendorf, Hugenberg, Hitler, the Stahlhelm, the Hohenzollern princes; "Nie wieder Krieg?!" by the same author (the title is a satire on the name of one of the chief German pacifist organizations), is a hypothetical outline of the course of a new European war. "National-Sozialisten" includes also a biography of Reinhold Wulle, whose "Sendung des Nordens" is a new mythology of Nordic destiny. Wulle, with von Reventlow and another, was the organizer of the Deutschvölkische Freiheitspartei in the days when Hitler's organization was largely confined to South Germany; the two groups are now fused. "Hitler's Weg," by Heuse, is the latest novelty on a much labored subject.

Two books on the technique of revolution, "Der Staatsstreich," by the Italian Malapartet, translated from his "Technique du Coup d'État" (in which he attempts to prove Hitler's unsuitability for a dictator), and Eugen Rosenstock's historical study, "Europäische Revolutionen," are also in evidence everywhere.

"Krisis," a symposium published in November by what might be called the Republican forces, is an admirable and up-to-the-minute analysis of the political and economic issues; starting with a statement by Bruening, it contains contributions by Friedrich Demuth, President of the Berlin Chamber of Commerce, Paul Scheffer, Washington correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Prälat Kaas, and others. The question of the future of democracy, which is treated among other subjects in "Krisis," is further discussed in another symposium, "Demokratie und Partei," edited by P. R. Rohden, with essays by representatives of the democracies and the hierarchies of the Western world, France, Germany, the United States, England, Bolshevism, Fascism, Catholicism.

For the last eighteen months the group of younger writers connected with *Die Tat* have been commanding considerable attention, especially among the more intellectual adherents of the Right. Under the editorship of Hans Zehrer, whose piece, "Die Eigentliche Aufgabe," on the problem of leadership in the January number is well worth reading, they have kept up a continual critique of domestic alignments and foreign policy. The current of thought expressed in their monthly articles has also been expanded in book form: "Das Ende des Kapitalismus," published under the pseudonym of Ferdinand Fried, proves the decadence of all that the nineteenth century stood for. National self-sufficiency, economic independence must replace international trade; the word "Autarkie," which is echoing throughout Germany, is a slogan of *Die Tat*. But its writers do not envisage autonomy in terms of the present German Reich. They put much emphasis on the federal character of the normal German state, and anticipate the progressive inclusion of other Germans than those now in the Reich. "Zwischeneuropa," by Giseler Wirsing, which has just come out, looks to expansion into Southeastern Europe as a next step. In this interest, particularly during the period of discussion of the Anschluss, the policy of *Die Tat* has been paralleled by that of *Die Europäische Revue* under Max Clauss.

The financial crises of the past summer have produced a group of books purporting to come from behind the scenes, not only in Germany but in all Europe. Raymond Philippe's 'Le Drame Financier de 1924-28" in France, and Paul Einzig's "Behind the Scenes in International Finance" and "The Tragedy of the Pound" in England are paralleled in Germany by the Lahusen's "Nordwolle unter Unserer Leitung," a version of the fall of the concern which brought down the Danat Bank, and Priester's "Geheimnis des 13ten Julis," which gives a moment to moment account of the German financial crisis of July.

If a summary were to be sought for all the debunking literature of causes and anticauses, it could be found in the play "Mahagony," now showing in Berlin. The piece is a merciless satire on societies built upon money, a sort of negative and very modernistic "Everyman." It ends with a political parade, a procession of the standards, some of which bear the following slogans:

Für die Unsterblichkeit der Gemeinheit!
Für das Eigentum!
Für die Freiheit der reichen Leute!
Für die wahre Liebe!
Für die Dummheit!
Für den Fortbestand des goldenen Zeitalters!

For a year when all nations are having political elections, it seems particularly appropriate.

Foreign Notes

"AMIEL im Spiegel der Europäischen Kritik," (Marburg, Elwert), by Ernst Merian-Genast, a German-Swiss student of Amiel, is a scholarly piece of work, offering a very convenient chronological survey of the critical judgment passed on Amiel from 1881 to 1931. American readers will be particularly interested in the chapters on English and American critics of Amiel (especially Mrs. Humphry Ward, Matthew Arnold, and Pater). There are four chapters on the renewal of interest in Amiel that has followed the 1921 centennial, the 1923 new edition of the "Journal," and the recent publication (1927) of the amusing Philine episode. A last chapter discusses what Amiel and his work mean to us. Its critical yet positive conclusions will reassure those whom another book before the public would shock, René de Week's "Amiel ou la Hoix Creuse." Yet, he dares to call Amiel a hollow nut! (Les Cahiers Romands.) Taken with a grain of salt, Mr. de Weck's diatribe, a pitiless denunciation of the vacuity of Amiel's life and thought, will provide the necessary antidote to the subtle poison (thought eating its own substance) present in Amiel's work.

The Ralph Beaver Strassburger Foundation in Germany has awarded its annual prize of $1,000 to Walther Reinhardt's "George Washington; the Foundation of a State" (George Washington; die Geschichte einer Staatengruendung). Members of the jury were: Professor Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann, Jakob Wassermann, Stefan Zweig.

Walther Reinhardt is German Consul in Seattle, Washington. He has been in diplomatic and consular service in Montevideo, Moscow, Petrograd, Rio de Janeiro, Porto Alegre, New York, and Chicago. During the war he fought on the Western front and in Turkey.

The Ralph Beaver Strassburger Foundation, which has its headquarters in New York, and branches in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest, awards annual prizes to authors and journalists of France, Germany, Austria, and Hungary, promoting the cause of friendship between their countries and the United States.

It is reported that a hitherto unknown poem by Richard Brinsley Sheridan has been discovered in Dublin by Seumas O'Sullivan, editor of the *Dublin Magazine*. It is said to be a satire of some five hundred words.

John Galsworthy and his wife have done a new translation of "Carmen." The English edition is limited to three hundred signed copies.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

W. W. R., Pennsylvania, living a long way from the sea, has nourished his love for the ocean by several voyages "taken each time, alas, in some other person's vessel. It is my ambition sometime to take a voyage in my own boat as my own skipper. Meantime, I get a great kick out of the pretence that I am going to do it sometime. I want titles of any rather elementary books on the theory and practice of navigation, including methods in use by sailors to orient themselves at sea.

DON'T be too sure it's pretence only. I know a boy who played with the notion of crossing the Atlantic, or at least some very large body of water, alone in a small boat. He collected books in which sailors told how they had accomplished this feat; he had a fairly large lot. One day last year, on a banana plantation in Guatemala, he chanced to be—in his own phrase—"lapping up Cuba Libres" in the society of a young American stranger. It turned out that this man had been gathering a similar collection; the gaps in one were filled by the books in the other. The last I heard, a day had been set for the start, and there will be two in the boat. Before they go I hope I can get the list of those books.

A beginner's book just coming out is "Learning to Sail," by Harold A. Callahan (Macmillan), a sailor of long experience; it is for small craft. Putnam announces for this Spring a book that sounds as if it might be one that this inquirer needs. "Sailing Your Own Boat," by Samuel Wetherill, associate editor of *Yachting* since 1923, with an introduction by Herbert L. Stone, editor of that magazine. Manfred Curry's "Wind and Water" (Scribner) is a forthcoming book of high importance to yachtsmen, aviators, or weather prophets, a compendium on modern sailing. Austin Knight's "Modern Seamanship" (Van Nostrand) has just appeared in its ninth edition, revised and enlarged, nearly a thousand pages with colored pictures and maps; this is a standard work, and so is G. L. Hosmer's "Navigation" (Wiley), for students or mariners preparing to take examinations for officers' licenses. Benjamin Dutton's "Navigation and Nautical Astronomy" (U. S. Naval Academy, 1930) is a text-book for Annapolis.

While we are on the subject, two stories combine information for young sailors with an entertaining plot: "Sea Legs," by Alfred Loomis (Appleton), about two boys from the Middle West who learn to sail a yacht, and the recently published "Curry Was Right," by Charles G. Muller (Harcourt, Brace), in which a company of young people enjoy racing at a Long Island yacht club and incidentally learn many points in managing small craft; the talk in this is sprightly. It is grand for book navigators, because these boys win by working on Curry's book, in the Greenwich Library.

A Vermont correspondent asks for books on beer and beer-making, and to my amazement I cannot find any—save, of course, English manuals like Chapman's "Brewing" (one of the Cambridge Manuals) or Mackenzie's "Brewing and Malting" (Pitman). Where are the books on home-brew—or is this produced by pure inspiration? The last one I can trace is "Every Man His Own Brewer," by Samuel Child, 1792, which promises "the art and mystery of ale, twopenny, and table beer." At that, more than beer is going about that may have art but certainly has mystery.

S. A. H., Oconomowoc, Wis., asks for books about mental suggestion in normal life and thinking; such as a layman can readily understand. "The Wholesome Personality," by William H. Burnham (Appleton), is concerned, like his earlier "The Normal Mind," with the development and conditions of normal personality; naturally it does not leave out disintegrating or thwarting conditions. A sensible person would continually find helpful suggestions—for instance, in the chapter on fear. "Body, Mind, and Spirit," by Elwood Worcester and Samuel McComb (Scribner), is based on the experiences of twenty-five years in bringing mental, physical, and spiritual activities into harmony and health, in the famous "Emmanuel Movement" now incorporated as the Craigie Foundation, Boston. "The Healthy Mind," edited by H. B. Elkind (Greenberg), is a collection of essays on keeping mentally fit, made from lectures given by experts under the auspices of the Massachusetts department of education.

S. K., Covington, Ky., asks for books on the history and literature of Denmark, "vivid, pictorial, and accurate," for an American of Danish descent. "Denmark, the Land of the Sea Kings," by Clive Holland (Macmillan), is one of an excellent series of color-illustrated books; it sketches physical and social conditions of the country, tells something of its art, and runs through its history. E. W. Knight's "Among the Danes" (University of North Carolina) is made of personal reports of experience during a leave of absence there. There is a stimulating chapter on Denmark in "The Awakening Community," by Mary Mirus and Georgia Moritz (Macmillan), an inspiring record of a new tendency in rural life. If you read "Pelle the Conqueror," by Martin A. Nexö (Holt), you have besides one of the world's great modern novels, a vivid idea of social and economic conditions in town and country over a lifetime; it has been often called "a prose epic of labor." Norton publishes "Denmark's Best Stories," a valuable collection coming to the present with Jacobsen, Larsen, and Jensen.

N. H. C., New York City, asks for whaling songs or chanties, saying that "apparently whalers had little time or inclination for composing ballads." Of all the chantey books I have found—and I have found not a few since I heard my first from a glorious old barnacle on West Street—the one I like best just appeared, "Capstan Bars," by David W. Bone (Harcourt, Brace). It has the salt of authenticity; he shows you not only how they should be sung, but how he sang them." As one who has heard almost the last chantey sung in sailor manner on the wet decks of a ship at sea, I may be allowed to report on how the ropes were finally coiled down," says he in concluding the foreword, appropriately dated "At Sea." But even here I cannot find anything about distinctively whaling chanties. Were there any, or need for any? I thought a halyard, a capstan, a windlass, belonged to whalers, too. Was it not Ranzo, in a memorable hauling song, who was no sailor and shipped aboard a whaler—but come to think about it, like the inland gentleman from Pennsylvania just accommodated in these columns, "He worked on navigashun, t'fit 'im for 'is stayshun" with the result that he became "Captain ov a Blackball liner?"

Captain Bone praises Johanna Colcord's "Roll and Go" (Bobbs-Merrill, 1924) and the famous collection of Captain W. B. Whall, "Sea Songs and Chanties," published by Brown of Glasgow in 1920 (I give publishers and dates as these are not named in the Bone book). Other collections include "Deep Sea Chanties," edited by Owen Trevine (Cramer, 1921); "King's Book of Chanties," by Stanton King, official government chanty man (Ditson, 1918); Terry's "Shantey Book," published by Curwen between 1921 and 1926, and the collections of Cecil Sharp, "Capstan Chanties," and "Book of Shanties" (Methuen).

M. R. L., Los Angeles, Cal., asks what, besides the books named recently in this department, can be obtained in Pennsylvania-German. A "Dictionary of Non-English Words of the Pennsylvania-German Dialect" is published by the author, M. B. Lambert, Allentown, Pa., and Aurand, Harrisburg, Pa., publishes a "Collection of Pennsylvania-German Stories and Poems," and I believe other books also. I do not know whether it was to meet the demand created by this department, or just in the course of nature, but "Gemixte Pickles" and "Die Schönste Longeviach," by K. M. S. (whose "Limburger Lyrics" have just appeared), have each gone down a quarter and now cost $1.75 (Covici-Friede). Additions to this list will be forwarded to the inquirer.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

V. *M. O., Berea, O., asks who are the present-day French playwrights of importance.* From this distance it looks as if Sacha Guitry were providing much of the initiative and most of the impudence of the French stage; everything he writes is distinctive, and when he has made a success with one sort of play he promptly leaves it for another sort; he has created farces that made even Paris gulp, biographical plays serious as "Pasteur," revues with actual ideas, and even a historical review that opened the city's finest theatre with a dash through France's court and national life—and it wasn't perfunctory, either. The most surprising playwright after him is Jules Romains, whose "Knock: or the Triumph of Medicine" kept on running for what must have been a record in that city; when other offerings failed they would put back "Knock" to pay expenses until a new play was ready. Its feature is that it has a grand satiric idea. So has his "Donagoo-Tonka," this being the name of a city in South America about which a too-impetuous geographer wrote a book. There was, unfortunately for him, no such place; but the way the city actually comes into being at the summons of the idea is one of the most droll and subtle devices I have met in recent drama. The play has a cinema technique, with many brief scenes rapidly shifting. My own third choice would be J. J. Bernard, chief figure of the "school of silence," which does not mean that he writes pantomime, but that he believes simple souls in great crises do not make speeches, but speak, if at all, in brief phrases far more poignant. Possibly he took to silence because his father, Tristan Bernard, is an expert at theatrical chatter; we all know his famous "L'Anglaise Qu'on Parle," which even our children read at school. At the risk of being thought flippant, I must add that I am devoted to the works of Georges Feydeau, especially a brief domestic farce called "On Purge Bébé." Among the dramatists of the new movement are Charles Vildrac and Henri Gheon; John Palmer's "Studies in the Contemporary Theatre" (Little, Brown) has a valuable discussion of the present-day French theatre of ideas. The most convenient way for an outsider to keep within reach of this is by reading "L'Illustration Théatrale," which gives a complete current play in each issue. This connection could be strengthened by reading the weekly newspaper *Comœdia*, which does for the Paris stage what *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* does for its current books—at least it did when I was last in Paris, year before last.

P. *W., Polo, Illinois,* says that the story called for by *G. P., Gilbert, Minn.,* is "The Fairy Fleet," by George MacDonald, to be found in "The Casket of Literary Gems"; the one she has is dated 1880: W. G. Holmes, Chicago, Seventh edition, copyright 1879, Adam Craig. *S. G. M., Berkeley, Cal.,* wishes me to remind the reader asking for modern versions of themes from Greek tragedy that "Electra," by Perez Galdos, has, despite its title, only the remotest illusional connection with the old "Elektra," "being a bourgeois thesis play of dubious literary value." I put it in out of Chandler's "Aspects of Modern Drama," because I was clutching at straws, but I did not know of the same author's "Alceste" (1914) which this correspondent, of the Department of Spanish at the University of California, says "is far better and a good example of the type in question." "This is one of the best versions of the Alceste story, and worthy of more attention than it has ever received, either in Spain or outside. It ought to be translated and performed. The lyric emotion of Euripides is transposed into a modern key that touches humor, realism and pathos."

A *STUDY club at Delphos, Ohio, asks about novels to be added to a course of reading concerned with the crisis in India.* Two are as valuable as any books one is likely to get: "Passage to India," by E. M. Forster (Harcourt, Brace), published several years ago, and "Farewell to India," by Edward Thompson (Dutton), so lately issued that it is in the thick of events. The former novel is too well known to need description; the latter is thoroughly well-informed, and with a sympathy that combines clear thinking with the power to take the unreasonable into consideration.

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24 hours of the life of Leopold Bloom occupies 900 pages of James Joyce's "Ulysses."

The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from page* 605)

THE DARK SECRET. By V. M. HILLYER. Century. 1931. $2.50.

Mr. Hillyer has a large audience of boys and girls who will greet any book of his with joy. This time it is neither history nor geography that they will find, but manners and morals. That is the dark secret which parents and teachers are put on their honor not to reveal. Though he deals with a long list of virtues and vices, the author does not wish to have his tales labelled as parables and fables. He knows too well the youthful reaction to preaching and wishes to have the stories presented with the simple qualification of being interesting, and to leave the rest to the perception of the young reader.

He does not leave too much to the perception of the child in the sense that the stories are subtle or "literary." Nothing is over the head of the smallest. One feels that, realizing the power of his rivals, he has borrowed much of the punch and general atmosphere of the movies and the mystery stories. His teachings are delivered with an impact that allows no misunderstanding.

As headmaster of the Carver School in Baltimore, which he admits to using as an experimental laboratry for his stories, Mr. Hillyer is in a unique position for studying the sure approach to the modern child. He will always interest his young readers and if he fails to enlighten them, it will only be because human nature resists acknowledging that the shoe fits.

SUE SEW - AND - SEW. Arranged by FLAIRA, DEHLI and ASTA GAG. New York: Coward-McCann. 1931. $1.50.

Sue Sew-and-Sew is a book of instructions for making a complete doll's wardrobe written by the doll herself. It is attractively gotten up, nicely written, and very clear in directions and diagrams. It should prove a real help to an ambitious of six to twelve years old.

Miscellaneous

CURTIS'S BOTANICAL MAGAZINE DEDICATIONS. Compiled by *Ernest Nelmes* and *William Cuthbertson.* London: Quaritch.

QUIZ YOURSELF. By *John Francis Goldsmith.* Harcourt, Brace. $1.

PERSONALITY IN ESSAY WRITING. By *Glenn Clark.* Long & Smith. $2.

THE MISTICK KREWE. By *Perry Young.* New Orleans: Carnival Press.

THE NAVY: DEFENSE OR PORTENT? By *Charles A. Beard.* Harpers.

THE GYPSIES METAMORPHOSED. By *Ben Jonson.* Edited by *George Watson Cole.* Century. $5.

PAGANS AND CHRISTIANS. By *W. W. Strickland.* New York: Westermann. $2.

POWER AND THE PUBLIC. Edited by *Ernest Minor Patterson.* American Academy of Political and Social Service.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF LOCAL GOVERNMENT. By *W. A. Robson.* London: Allen & Unwin.

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Reviewing

THE latest number of *The Contemporary Review* has come to hand, and seems to demand a word from this contemporary reviewer—the biter bitten. I really don't know why I should even mention so humdrum a piece of printing, save that it is so perfectly British, y' know—British as Lincoln's friend Mr. Partington was.

Of course the grain of the paper runs across the page: this is called serial rights in England—in America we don't do it, and when by accident it is done, we know we've done wrong! The only reason for printing the sheet the wrong way of the grain is to make an ugly magazine—and to demonstrate British superiority in all things. Type and presswork are bad—but the English have no monopoly of those offenses; I would hardly go so far as to say that they lead the world there. As to the contents (how the New Toryism, alias National Government, must devour it!) we are constrained by a feeling that we are not called on to express an opinion.

Looking again at the cover of the magazine, I find that its essential Britishness is advertised at once; I should have seen that. The title is set in large and ugly pseudo-Caslon capital letters, and after the final W—some distance away from it—is a large, round, black, stubborn period. On second thought, the magazine should have stopped there. R.

Title Pages

THE Mergenthaler Linotype Co. has just sent out a small, thick, paper-covered volume showing a hundred contemporary title pages from books set up on the linotype machine. Its contents present a very good cross section of present-day American title pages: there are thirty-one, for instance, from the 1931 "Fifty Books" collection.

There is an introduction by W. A. Dwiggins, written in his usual lucid and whimsical style, and the reduced title pages are clearly printed. As Mr. Dwiggins observes: "A title page is about the only chance a trade edition book gets to swing a little style," and pretty much every style is represented herein. Some are good, some are bad, and some are ordinary; not many are distinguished. Being reduced in size they show to all possible advantage. R.

A Catalogue

BIBLIOTHECA AMERICANA: Catalogue of the John Carter Brown Library in Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. Volume III. Providence: Published by the Library. 1931.

IT is now thirteen years since the first volume of the Catalogue of the John Carter Brown Library was published. One who would read a first hand account of the earliest volume, as well as a brief account of the Library, may well turn to the *Printing Art* for November, 1919, wherein Mr. Harry Lyman Koopman, sometime librarian of Brown University, has written well and informingly. In particular, what he has to say of the printing of a learned work in this country merits attention, for it does not matter how many books we have, nor how many doctors we turn out of our educational institutions, unless we have adequate facilities for the preparation and printing of scholarly work we are negligent and inefficient. Accuracy and intelligence are needed, as well as adequate typographical resources, and the American press is yet none too well equipped for such tasks. The standards of such offices as the Riverside Press and the DeVinne Press under Mr. DeVinne are not lightly to be discarded in favor of sprightly typography and the ideals of the advertiser—a tendency which has left the printing of scholarly work too much in the hands of amateurs or to European printers. The one outstanding office where one expects such work to be done is the Merrymount Press, the printer of the present volume as it was of the first two. Its use of handset type must be set down as an aid to the doing of such printing; while the machine has cheapened composition to some extent, and speeded it up immeasurably, yet the well-known exigencies of machinery tend inevitably to a carelessness or a callousness in small matters which cannot be tolerated in scholarly printing. With hand composition, on the other hand, there is time and opportunity for careful, relatively slow work. Accents, special characters, fine details of spacing and arrangement are more easily seen to, not because it is impossible to do such work on the machine, but because such details take time, and time is the one thing which the machine resents!

The present volume of the Catalogue is set in the same Oxford type as the previous ones, and in the same simple, straightforward style. The book is in size a large octavo, 7x10½ inches in size, bound in brown cloth sides and black cloth back, stamped in gold. The text is in a twelve point type, leaded, while the notes are in nine point. The various entries call for all the normal resources of the type case in roman and italic, as well as the use (mainly in preceding volumes) of some two hundred and fifty special characters. Spelling has been simplified, as to the long s, by using the round form, and in general no extravagancies of attempted literal transcriptions have been attempted—to the resulting good looks of the page! In this volume the index has been divided into two sections: one of Authors and Titles, the other of Printers, Publishers, and Engravers. This division makes the index more generally useful. A portrait of John Nicholas Brown serves as a frontispiece. And finally the paper used is a white wove of exceptionally fine quality.

The present volume covers the years 1659-1674. If there are no outstanding single works which distinguish it, as in the previous volumes, there are here and there interesting and notable items. But on the whole the entries serve rather to indicate drifts and tendencies. There is, for instance, the last volume of the long series "Jesuit Relations," printed by Cramoisy at Paris in 1673. It is not inappropriate that there appears here also the probable earliest printed work in English on our own Middle West—John Lederer's "Discoveries . . . in three several Marches from Virginia, To the West of Carolina," London, 1672.

That dubiously interesting group of New England worthies—big toads in a small puddle—Cotton Mather, Michael Wigglesworth, John Eliot—as well as diligent writers of other colonies, are represented, while the Cambridge Press of Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson is well represented.

One item from the press of Mexico City—"Estatutos, y Constituciones Reales" (Mexico, 1668) is of unusual character, and there are numerous items dealing with settlements in Brazil, Guiana, and the West Indies. In the latter class there is an extraordinary list of seven imprints dealing with the famous historical hoax of the "Isle of Pines."

The pestilential Quaker controversy, which gave New England so much trouble, is represented by a dozen entries, while the more serious matter of negro slavery begins to attract attention in the affairs of The Company of Royal Adventurers of England Trading into Africa. The commercial expansion of England gets further attention in a series of tracts *in re* Sir George Downing and the West India Company.

All this is but a brief suggestion of the interesting contents of the latest volume in what will become one of the important American catalogues of books. The two preceding volumes (issued in four parts) are now out of print, and it is proposed, if sufficient subscriptions are received, to reprint these issues. The Catalogue is an important American bibliographical work and a good, sound example of American scholarly printing. R.

Garamond Types

IN a recent article on the Granjon book printed for the Mergenthaler Linotype Co., I referred to the fact that none of the current "Garamond" type faces really duplicates the original Garamond type, but rather that they "all . . . derive . . . from a distant departure made at Sedan in the seventeenth century" by Jean Jannon.

This statement needs modification. Mr. Douglas C. McMurtrie made a few years ago for the Ludlow Typograph Co. of Chicago a face which can justly be called "Garamond." It is a faithful reproduction of Garamond's type, as shown in the specimen issued by Conrad Berner of Frankfurt-am-Main in 1592. The authenticity of these true Garamond romans is pretty well established.

The italics used with Garamond's type and reproduced as an accompanying italic for his new roman by Mr. McMurtrie, are from the hand of Robert Granjon. R.

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LEON TROTSKY'S *History of the Russian Revolution* went into a second printing within a few hours after publication.

Reprint orders have just gone through on these other *Inner Sanctum* books in active demand: *The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew, A Rolling Stone* by CHRISTOPHER WARD . . . *Mental Whoopee . . . The Art of Thinking . . .* and *Believe It or Not.*

NEWS! *The Word Game Book* has not yet clicked . . . is it possible that 600,000 fans can be wrong? . . . *Straight and Crooked Thinking* is getting a superlative press and a few re-orders, but not nearly enough. . . . *The Inner Sanctum* is receiving a literally clamorous demand for first-edition copies of *A Glastonbury Romance*, the new novel by JOHN COWPER POWYS—his first since *Wolf Solent*—to be released on March 24th. . . . Another exciting zero hour will come—appropriately enough—on All Fool's Day, April first, when *The Inner Sanctum* unveils (with the aid of block and tackle) the most gargantuan volume it has ever issued, *A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity* by Professor WALTER B. PITKIN. . . .

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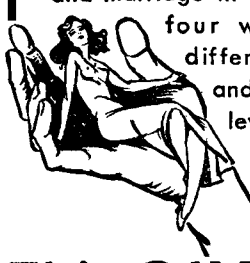

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By GRACE STAIR
LINCOLN MACVEAGH
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From the ancient sport of bear baiting, the English language has taken an exciting word and fitted it to a milder use. *Abet* goes far back to an Old German or Scandinavian origin that conjures up a picture of hardy men going to the chase with their packs of hunting dogs. Icelandic *beita* meant "to feed" or "to hunt" with dogs. Low German *betan* meant "to cause to bite." Probably from these sources the Old French derived its word *beter* meaning "to bait" a bear, and *abeter*, "to excite or incite," which is the immediate source of our own *abet*. No longer applied to animals, it signifies in English the encouraging or inciting of persons and, in modern language, is used chiefly in a bad sense. There are thousands of such stories about the origins of English words in

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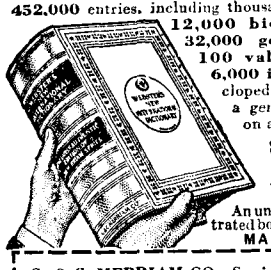

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The PHŒNIX NEST

PERHAPS the poets more than any other group who knew him sorrow for the death of *Edgar Speyer*. He himself was more directly interested in music than in poetry, but his translations into German of *Keats's* Odes showed what poetic power he possessed. The poetic gatherings in his house in Washington Square were all such gatherings should be—feasts of reason and flow of soul. *Rose O'Neill* is one of the poets who celebrated his charm and his hospitality, and we publish underneath a tribute to his memory from another. Incidentally, Edgar Speyer had just finished a translation of "Hamlet" which literary men in Germany think so highly of that they are going to publish it.

IN MEMORIAM EDGAR SPEYER
By PADRAIC COLUM

The good are become the rare,
So we must lament for the man
Who was both true and kind;
Who stood like a rock for his friends;
One who could never betray;
Who, spite of his great estate
Had the lowliness of a child;
In music and comely things
Schooled, he was one who could share
Alike his goods and his mind.
Since the good have become the rare
We must lament for the man
Who was both true and kind,
Having these radiances
As light is held in the day. . . .

Having recently asked Scribners in this column when they were to publish *Thurston Macauley's* "The Festive Board," which was done in London by Methuen with drawings by *A. E. Taylor*, we delightedly receive the information from *Henry Hart* that it *was* published by Scribners on the eleventh of February. Unfortunately we never received our copy. To quote a description of the book, it is "a collection of the most zestful writings, in prose and verse, about the pleasures of the table, both solid and fluid. Mr. Macauley himself supplies a long preprandial essay concerning 'The Tenth Muse.'" . . .

Mr. Macrae of Dutton's has been explaining that though *Van Wyck Brooks's* "Life of Emerson" is the April selection of the Literary Guild of America, it was the author himself and not the publisher who submitted the book to the Guild. Mr. Macrae's own attitude toward the book clubs is well known, and he states that his position of protest remains unchanged. He believes that the past two years "have abundantly proved that my position (of protest not only against the methods of selection, but also against the methods of distribution) was both wise and correct." . . .

Frank Sullivan, recently asked how it felt to be a Doubleday, Doran author smiled that famous smile that plunged the country into war in 1898 and replied: "Mais il est très ravissement, ma chérie." He added that he thought American women's skylines were wonderful." . . .

Russell Crouse, another of our humorists, has a new book, "Murder Won't Out," to be published by Doubleday this Spring. In it he presents twelve of the city's most famous unsolved murders, from the mysterious murder of *Elma Sands* in 1799, when *Alexander Hamilton* and *Aaron Burr* appeared as joint counsel for the defense, to the *Starr Faithful* case. . . .

We heartily endorse a new book for the layman called "Listening to Music," written by *Douglas Moore*, well-known to concert-goers as the composer, among other things, of "Barnum" and "Moby Dick." Moore is Associate Professor of Music at Columbia University, and W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., bring out his volume. The author is eminently qualified for his exposition which shows sympathy and understanding of the difficulties confronting the layman who wishes to cultivate a really intelligent attitude toward musical composition. The book is a boon. . . .

Two new "Giant" volumes in the Modern Library are "The Complete Poems of *Keats* and *Shelley*" and "*Plutarch's* Lives." The Modern Library also publishes for March *William Faulkner's* "Sanctuary" and *Thomas Hardy's* "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." . . .

"Dear Phœnician," writes *Alice Boorman Williamson* of Washington, D. C., whose brief tale of a Greek Cat we recently published, "If it had been the tale of a Manx cat it would have taken up no space at all. But I do love Greek; it seems so *unctuous*, if you know what I mean. I wonder if you are familiar with the expression mentioned in the enclosed burble? Incidentally, I heartily endorse the Dictionary (any *big* one) as a source of real thrills for everyone over the age of three."

SAVED!
By ANN EDDY TORIAL CLARK

It was a rainy, rainy day
(Some time before that tuneful hooey
Which recommends for weather gray
*A smile to serve as paraplúie.)**

I wearied of my thankless job,
Assembling others' thoughts in order,
Producing from the milling mob
Neat ranks to march across the border.

To type, and edit as one goes,
Is not a task to make one merry—
At last in deep disgust I rose
And sought me out my Dictionary.

(Not for the "sympathy" that's there—
A joke almost too old to mention;
My longing is for mental fare,
Abstemious, or to distention!

I browse, and nibble here and yon,
Unknowing what a page is bringing;
And many times I gorge upon
A supper that I earn by singing.)

All suddenly the words I struck
Among the learnéd Foreign Phrases:
"Asbestos gelos"—gorgeous luck
That I shall cherish all my dayses.

Asbestos gelos! Loud and clear
It rings from marble floor to rafter,
And Athens echoes with the cheer,
As we would say, "Homeric laughter."

"ἄσβεστος γέλως!" Greek meets Greek,
And while they are thus tug-of-warring,
You cannot hear a word they speak
Because of the asbestos's *roaring.*

And so I pound the sullen keys
My "sesame" to bread and butter,
Well knowing I can find surcease
From authors and their fearful sputter.

My Bible and my Shakespeare stand
Beside my desk—indeed, they should do;
I keep them always near at hand,
As any pious person would do.

But when exotic food I crave,
Or dietetic sanctuary,
My body and my soul I save
By rambling through the Dictionary!

Lesley Frost, daughter of *Robert Frost*, has her own bookshop at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and will be selling her own book to her customers when she stocks "Murder at Large." (Coward-McCann.) She is a detective story writer as well as a bookseller. . . .

Noël Coward is reported so industrious that when he recently went to South America presumably to recuperate from producing "Cavalcade," he completed a new play which is to be produced in London later in the year. . . .

Oliver La Farge, author of "Laughing Boy" and "Sparks Fly Upward," is spending the Winter in Guatemala, settling in an Indian village to find out all about the natives. He is in a mountain section of northwestern Guatemala called "Los Altos Cuchumatanes," a district of about two thousand square miles with a population of several thousand Indians and a thin sprinkling of about five hundred whites. . . .

As *Diego Rivera*, the internationally known Mexican painter, has recently caused so much comment and acclaim in this city, it is interesting to know that Covici-Friede announce an intimate autobiography of him for publication in the Fall of 1932. Mr. Rivera has been in this country the greater part of the past year, during which time he has executed commissions in California, had a one-man show at the Museum of Art in New York, and has recently left for Detroit, where he is painting a large fresco for the Detroit Museum.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

* If Shakespeare could say revenue, why can't *I* change a stress?

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